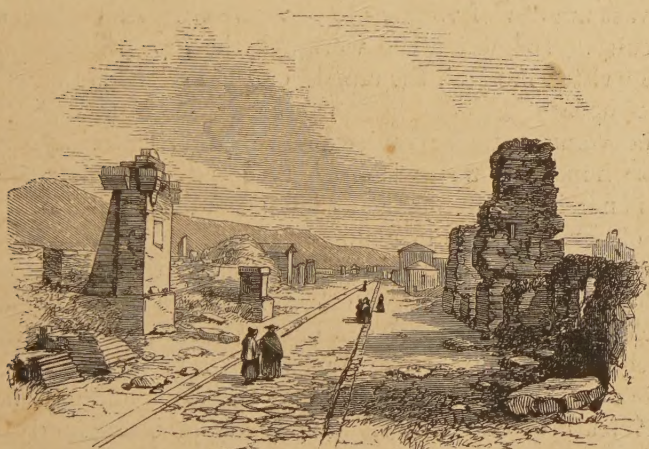


THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1888.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.

I.



TOMBS ON THE APPIAN WAY.

Two years ago we presented a couple of articles on this subject, based on Dr. Ridpath's admirable *Cyclopædia of Universal History*. We purpose resuming the study of some of the great epoch-marking events in the records of the human race. Through the courtesy of the publishers this series will be illustrated by a selection from the high-class engravings which add so greatly to the value of that work. We will first give a few paragraphs as to the character of the *Cyclopædia* to which we shall be indebted for much of the information to be conveyed in these papers. The title of the book given below*

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History*. Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three

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very accurately describes the most comprehensive historical work with which we have any acquaintance. The study of history, both sacred and secular—the study of God's dealings with our race—is, we think, the most interesting and instructive pursuit that can engage the human mind. It is also one of the most essential. History, it is well said, is philosophy teaching by example. The great problems of the ages repeat themselves. He who would understand the urgent questions of to-day and the best mode of their solution must know how these questions have been met and answered in the past. No one can pass muster, as well informed, who has not some adequate conception of the past record of our race. Yet many are deterred from this task by its seemingly hopeless magnitude, by the vast number of volumes to be mastered. And this is a real difficulty. To master the works of the great historians who have written in detail the annals of the nations is the work of a life-time.

The volumes under review, however, bring an apparently almost impossible task within easy accomplishment. By judicious omission of unimportant details, and by skilful condensation of narrative, and grouping of facts into their proper relations, a clear and connected conspectus of the history of the world may be obtained. Most abridgments of history are as juiceless and dry as last year's hay. Dr. Ridpath's *Cyclopædia* is free from this fault. He is master of a picturesque and dramatic style that rivets the reader's attention and presents the great features of the period he treats in a singularly vivid manner. He possesses also the critical skill that sifts out the legendary and gives the results of the labours of the ablest original investigators of the past.

We venture to say that the careful study of these volumes is, in a very important sense, a liberal education. The reader is made acquainted with the chief actors in the great drama of time, with the nature of their work and with its influence on the world. Talk of the interest of fiction and romance! It will not compare with the fascination of the truths stranger than fiction of history.

volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Prof. of History in DePauw University; author of *A History of the United States, The Life and Work of Garfield*, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati

"God is far the sweetest poet,
And the *real* is His song."

To the scholar this work is of interest, for its rapid review of the periods and movements with which he is familiar. To the



ROMAN COLUMBARIUM.

busy mass of readers it will be of special value as giving a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the stream of history, from its early sources to its varied ramifications in modern times. One of its most striking features is its copious illustration. It has

no less than 1,210 high-class engravings of persons, places, and the great dramatic incidents referred to in the text. These really illustrate the subject and not merely embellish the book ; and many of them are drawn by artists of national and international repute as, among others, Vogel, Alma Tadema, Doré, Neuville, Leutemann, Bayard, Philippoteaux and many others. Of not less utility than these are the thirty-two coloured historical maps, and nine coloured chronological charts, showing at a glance, by an ingenious arrangement, the relations in time and place of the events described. There are also thirty-one genealogical diagrams of the royal and noble houses of ancient and modern times.

The author, we think, has very judiciously begun his history with Egypt, instead of with the Chaldean and Assyrian monarchies. The choice of the valley of the Nile, rather than the valley of the Tigris, as the place of the beginning, has been determined by chronological considerations and the true sequence of events. He then transfers the scene to Mesopotamia, and follows the course of events from the Euphrates to the Tiber, from Babylon to Rome. He makes the Fall of the Western Empire, 1453, the date of the death of Antiquity, and in the second volume returns to the barbarian nations of Europe, from which, quickened by contact with ancient learning, has sprung the complex civilization of modern times. The spread of Mahomedanism, feudal ascendancy, the Crusades, the conflict of the kings and the people, the new world and the Reformation, the growth of England, the age of Revolutions, and the record of the advancement of civilization throughout the world during the nineteenth century, form the subjects of a brilliant series of chapters. Our author is no pessimist. He shows that as a skilful rider winds his steed, so God is guiding the world up the heights of progress to the grander Christian civilization of the future. As says the Laureate :

“ For I doubt not through the ages
An increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
By the process of the suns.”

In our previous chapters we referred to the beginnings of civilization in the Valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates. We turn now to note briefly its development on the banks of the Tiber. Here rose some of the mightiest monuments of the masterful Roman race.

Some of the most striking evidences of Roman power and grandeur are the *mausolea* of its mighty dead. The tomb of Augustus, the mole of Adrian, the sepulchre of Cæcilia Metella—these are among the most impressive memorials of the pomp and power and pageantry of pagan Rome. Of these we have previously given examples in these pages.

But only the wealthy could be entombed in those stately *mausolea*, or be wrapped in those “marble cerements.” For the mass of the population *columbaria* were provided, in whose narrow niches, like the compartments of a dove-cot—the *terra cotta* urns containing their ashes were placed, sometimes to the number of six thousand in a single *columbarium*. They also contained sometimes the urns of the great.



ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMB OF ST. PRISCILLA.

I visited several of these; a description of one will suffice. Steep steps lead down into a square vault, supported by a central pier which, like the walls, contains a number of niches. Each niche contains two or more cinerary urns, with covers. Removing several of these I found within the ashes and charred bones of the dependants of great Roman houses, whose bodies had undergone cremation. The brief epitaphs of the deceased were often inscribed above the niche. The structures take their names from their resemblance to a dove-cot—*columbarium*. A striking contrast to the pomp of the tombs on the Appian Way are these *columbaria*, in which for the most part the ashes of the slaves are deposited.

Very different both from those modes of sepulchre was that of the primitive Christians. They recoiled with horror from the pagan practice of burning the dead, often accompanied with many idolatrous rites, and adopted that of burial in underground crypts or catacombs.

A drive across the Campagna soon brings one to the Church of St. Sebastian—the only entrance to the Catacombs which remained open during the Middle Ages. In an adjacent crypt is shown the very vault, in which tradition affirms, that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul lay for forty years, till stolen away. Unbolting a side door of the church, a serge-clad monk, giving us each a taper, led the way down a long steep stairway to the dark and gloomy corridors of the Catacombs. Through the winding labyrinth we advanced, our dim lights shedding a feeble glimmer as we passed, upon the open graves that yawned weirdly on either side. Deep shadows crouched around, and the unfleshed skeletons lay upon their stony beds to which they had been consigned by loving hands in the early centuries so long ago. Much more interesting, however, on account of its greater extent and better preservation, is the adjacent Catacomb of Calixtus, of which I made a more thorough inspection. Here are large and lofty chambers, containing the tomb of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, and of several of the persecuted bishops of the early Church. The fading frescoes, pious inscriptions, and sacred symbols on the walls all bring vividly before us, as nothing else on earth can do, the faith and courage and moral nobleness of the primitive Church of the Catacombs.

These Christian cemeteries are situated chiefly near the great roads leading from the city, and, for the most part, within a circuit of three miles from the walls. From this circumstance they have been compared to the “encampment of a Christian host besieging Pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches with an assurance of final victory.” The openings of the Catacombs are scattered over the Campagna, whose mournful desolation surrounds the city; often among the mouldering *mausolea* that lie like stranded wrecks, mid the rolling sea of verdure of the tomb-abounding plain. On every side are tombs—tombs above and tombs below—the graves of contending races, the sepulchres of vanished generations: “*Piena di sepolture è la Campagna.*” From a careful survey and estimate it has been computed that the aggregate length of all the passages is 587 geographical miles, equal to the whole extent of Italy from Etna’s fires to Alpine snows; and they contain between three and four million tombs.

How marvellous that beneath the remains of a proud pagan civilization exist the early monuments of that power before which the myths of paganism faded away as the spectres of

darkness before the rising sun, and the religion and institutions of Rome were entirely changed. Beneath the ruined palaces and temples, the crumbling tombs and the dismantled villas, of the august mistress of the world, we find the most interesting relics of early Christianity on the face of the earth. In traversing these tangled labyrinths of graves we are brought face to face with the primitive ages; we are present at the worship of the infant Church; we observe its rites; we study its institutions;



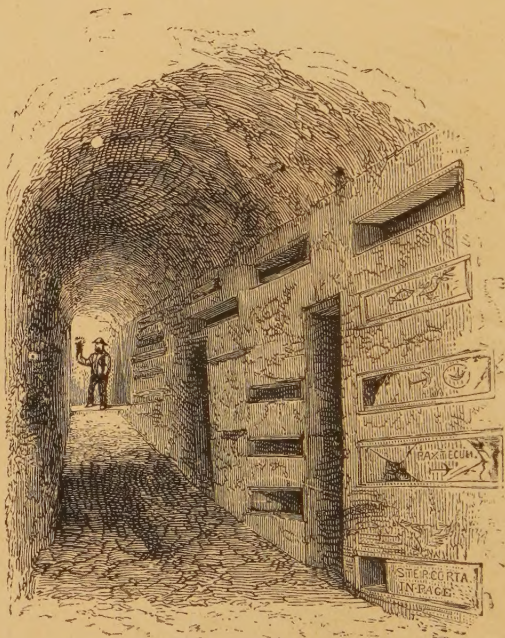
ENTRANCE TO A CATACOMB.

we witness the deep emotions of the first believers as they commit their dead, often their martyred dead, to their last, long resting-place; we decipher the touching record of their sorrow, of the holy hopes by which they are sustained, of "their faith triumphant o'er their fears," and of their assurance of the resurrection of the dead and of the life everlasting. We read in the testimony of the Catacombs the confession of faith of the early Christians, sometimes accompanied by the records of their persecution, the symbols of their martyrdom, and even the very instruments of their torture. For in these halls of silence

and gloom slumbers the dust of many of the martyrs and confessors, who sealed their testimony with their blood during the sanguinary ages of persecution; of many of the early bishops and pastors of the Church, who shepherded the flock of Christ amid the dangers of those troublous times; of many who heard the word of life from teachers who lived in or near the apostolic age, perhaps from the lips of the apostles themselves. Indeed, if we would accept ancient tradition, we would even believe that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul

were laid to rest in those hallowed crypts—a true *terra sancta*, inferior in sacred interest only to that rock-hewn sepulchre consecrated evermore by the body of our Lord. These reflections lend to the study of the Catacombs an interest of the highest and intensest character.

The entrance to the abandoned Catacomb is sometimes a low-browed aperture like a fox's burrow, almost concealed by long and tangled grass, and overshadowed by the melancholy cypress or gray-leaved ilex. Sometimes an ancient arch can be discerned, as at the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, or the remains of the chamber for the celebration of the festivals of the martyrs. In all cases there is a stairway, often long and steep, crumbling with time and worn with the feet of pious generations. The illustration on preceeding page shows the entrance to the Catacomb of Prætextatus on the Ap-pian Way, trodden in the primitive ages by the early martyrs and con-



GALLERY WITH TOMBS.

fessors, or perhaps by the armed soldiery of the oppressors, hunting to earth the persecuted flock of Christ. Here, too, in mediæval times, the martial clang of the armed knights may have awakened unwonted echoes among the hollow arches; or the gliding footstep of the sandaled monk scarce disturbed the silence as he passed. In later times pilgrims from every land have visited, with pious reverence or idle curiosity, this early shrine of the Christian faith.

The Catacombs are excavated in the volcanic rock which abounds in the neighbourhood of Rome. It is a granulated,

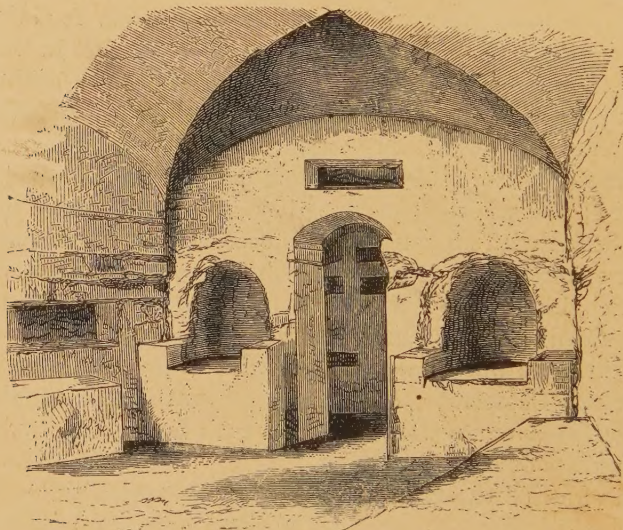
grayish rock, of a coarse, loose texture, easily cut with a knife, and bearing still the marks of the mattocks with which it was dug. In the firmer volcanic rock of Naples the excavations are larger and loftier than those of Rome; but the latter, although they have less of apparent majesty, have more of funereal mystery. The Catacombs consist essentially of two parts—corridors and chambers, or *cubicula*. The former are long, narrow and intricate passages, forming a complete underground net-work. They are for the most part straight, and intersect one another at approximate right angles. The main corridors vary from three to five feet in width, but the lateral passages are much narrower, often affording room for but one person to pass. They will average about eight feet in height, though in some places as low as five or six. The ceiling is generally vaulted, though sometimes flat; and the floor, though for the most part level, has occasionally a slight incline. The walls are generally of the naked *tufa*, though sometimes plastered; and where they have given way are in many places strengthened with masonry. At the corners of these passages there are frequently niches, in which lamps were placed, without which, indeed, they must have been an impenetrable labyrinth. Cardinal Wiseman recounts a touching legend of a young girl who was employed as a guide to the places of worship in the Catacombs; because on account of her blindness, their sombre avenues were as familiar to her accustomed feet as the streets of Rome to others.

Both sides of the corridors are thickly lined with *loculi* or graves, which have somewhat the appearance of berths in a ship, or of the shelves in a grocer's shop; but the contents are the bones and ashes of the dead, and for labels we have their epitaphs. The cut on the preceding page will illustrate the general character of these galleries and *loculi*.

These graves were once all hermetically sealed by slabs of marble, or tiles of *terra cotta*. The former were generally of one piece which fitted into a groove or mortise cut into the rock at the grave's mouth, and were securely cemented to their places, as, indeed, was absolutely necessary, from the open character of the galleries in which the graves were placed. Most of these slabs and tiles have disappeared, and many of the graves have long been rifled of their contents. In others may still be seen the mouldering skeleton of what was once man in his strength, woman in her beauty, or a child in its

innocence and glee. If these bones be touched they will generally crumble into a white, flaky powder. Verily, "*pulvis et umbra sumus.*"

The other constituents of the Catacombs, besides the corridors mentioned, are the *cubicula*, as they are called. These chambers are from eight or ten to as much as twenty feet square, generally in pairs on either side of the passage, and for the most part lined with graves. They were probably family vaults, though they were sometimes used for worship or for refuge in time of persecution. The chambers were lighted by



CHAMBERS IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES, WITH SEATS FOR CATECHISTS AND CATECHUMENS.

shafts leading up to the open air, through which the brilliant Italian sunshine to-day lights up the pictured figures on the walls as it must have illumined the fair brow of the Christian maiden, the silvery hair of the venerable pastor, or the calm face of the holy dead, in those long bygone early centuries.

But frequently "beneath this depth there is a lower deep," or even three or four tiers of galleries, to which access is gained by stairways cut in the rock. The awful silence and almost palpable darkness of these deepest dungeons is absolutely appalling. They are fitly described by the epithet applied by Dante to the realms of eternal gloom: *loco d'ogni luce muto*—

a spot mute of all light. Here death reigns supreme. Not even so much as a lizard or a bat has penetrated these obscure recesses. Nought but skulls and skeletons, dust and ashes, are on every side. The air is impure and deadly, and difficult to breathe. "The cursed dew of the dungeon's damp" distils from the walls, and a sense of oppression, like the patriarch's "horror of great darkness," broods over the scene.

Many of these chambers are beautifully painted with symbolical or Biblical figures. Indeed the whole story of the Bible

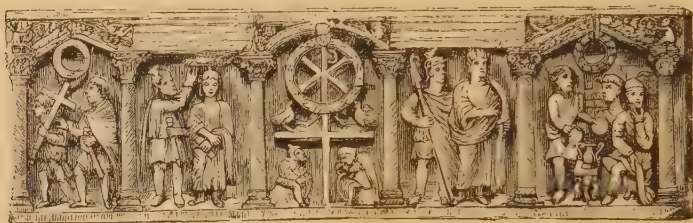


PAINTED CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES.

from the Fall of Man in the Garden to his Redemption by Christ is represented in these sacred paintings. In the above cut it will be observed that the Good Shepherd occupies the position of prominence and dignity in the compartment over the arched tomb, balanced by Daniel in the lion's den and the three Hebrews in the furnace. On the left hand is a shelf for lamps, magnified in Romish imagination into a Credence Table for supporting the elements of the Eucharist. In the ceiling are praying figures and lambs.

The New Testament cycle, as it is called, depicting the principal events in the life of our Lord, and the miracles which He wrought is very complete, especially in the sculptures of the sarcophagi or stone coffins of which many examples are pre-

served in the Lateran Museum. In the fine example shown in the cut, which is of the 4th or 5th century, we have first Simon the Cyrenian bearing the cross ; then Christ crowned not with thorns, but with flowers, as if to symbolize His triumph ; then Christ guarded by a Roman soldier ; and in the last compartment He witnesses a good confession before Pontius Pilate.



SARCOPHAGUS IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM.

In the Catacombs have also been found large quantities of lamps, vases, gems, rings, seals, toilet articles, and other objects of much interest—even children's jointed dolls and toys, placed by loving hands in their tiny graves long, long centuries ago. The inscriptions of the Catacombs also throw great light on the doctrines and institutions of the Primitive Church, and on the domestic and social relations and conjugal and filial affections of the early Christians. The present writer has elsewhere treated this subject with great fulness of detail and copious pictorial illustrations.*

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought ;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still ;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer ;
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement ;
For all love of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

**The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity*, by the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. New York : Phillips & Hunt ; London : Hodder & Stoughton. Cr. 8vo, 560 pages, 134 engravings. Price \$2.10. This book has just reached its fourth English edition. From it several of the accompanying engravings are taken.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

I.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.



MOSLEM TOMBS.

ON the morning of the 9th of March, 1887, I was standing on the deck of the Austrian Lloyds' steamship *Thalia*, with a crowd of fellow-passengers, looking out towards where, in the distance, appeared the faint outline of the city of Alexandria. We had left Brindisi three days before, and had had a delightful passage. The steamer was almost crowded with tourists who, like myself, were bound for Lower Egypt and Palestine; some from Britain, some from the Continent of Europe, most, I think, from the United States; and for the past three days we had been fraternising, as travellers do, reading up guide-books, consulting maps, comparing notes, and discussing, with all the eagerness of soon-to-be-realized anticipation our projects and prospects for the immediate future. The dream of many years was about to be accomplished; we were soon to set foot on those lands of the storied East, whose every rood of soil teems with

memories classic and sacred, whose history is the history of the early world, whose very names are bound up with the earliest and holiest associations of our lives.

Small wonder that as we neared the city, and finally dropped anchor in her harbour, enthusiasm and interest were wrought to their highest intensity, and memory was busy with the scenes and incidents connected with the place to which the greatest conqueror of ancient times has given his name.

There is always a pleasure in approaching a strange place, always a keen interest in noting novelty of building, dress or speech ; but there is an especial interest in the first glimpses of life in the Orient, from the absolute antithesis which it presents in all its details to the life which is everywhere common to our Western civilization.

The landing of tourists, for the first time in an Eastern port, has so often been described that I need not delay to tell the queer experiences of the interval, between our first glimpse of the odd-looking boats and boatmen surrounding our ship immediately upon arrival, until our reaching our comfortable quarters in the Hotel Abbat ; they are written, or the like of them, in every traveller's tale. These sketches are vignettes, I pray you to remember, kind reader ; and a vignette intensifies two or three salient points in a picture and then shades away gradually from them, leaving accessories in diminished light and colour, that these principal points may be made thereby additionally vivid. I shall not soon forget our first drive in Alexandria, through the famous Place des Consuls, devastated at the time of Arabi's insurrection, but now largely rebuilt, and almost like a bit of Paris planted in Egypt ; thence through a narrow, winding, dingy street, whence a short lane led to a bit of beach giving a fine view of the Island of Pharos, now crowned with a more common-place, though, doubtless, infinitely more useful, modern lighthouse ; then on again through motley throngs of wayfarers, with here and there the red-coated familiar form of an English soldier, till we reached an open space where troops were drilling, and finally entered, through a lofty archway, the great fort of Ras-el-Tin, dismantled by the bombardment of 1881, and now, what remains of it, in the occupancy of the protecting force. Here we walked out over the ramparts, and saw abundant evidence of the tremendous cannonading to which they had been subjected. As we left the fort, the soldiers were still on parade in the open, and it was

very stirring amid the strange scenes of that far-off and foreign land to hear the familiar strains of "Weel may the keel row," and to see our own countrymen, in such evident authority, the bright sun lighting up their red coats and white helmets, as they marched rhythmically and rapidly on at the double.



پیش رسید

MOSLEM GENTLEMAN.

"Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?" so runs a line of that anonymous "Address to a Mummy," which, a quarter of a century ago, at least, was known to every school-boy. The one great antiquity of Alexandria, it stands to-day on the outskirts of a squalid Arab village, hard by a dreary dusty Moslem cemetery, where a funeral was in process, as we drove up to its base. Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer? There is no doubt of it. The name will stick to the column for all time, but like many another name, it is more tenacious than true. Nearly ninety-nine feet in total height, its order Corinthian, its shaft a monolith of red granite

seventy-three feet high, it rears its graceful outline on a mound overlooking Lake Mareotis and that modern and mongrel town which bears the name and occupies the site of the ancient city, so celebrated in history, both secular and sacred, the only remaining monument of its classic beauty and wealth.

It stands, according to an Arab historian, the sole surviving pillar of a noble colonnade of four hundred such, which once enclosed the splendid Serapeum or temple of the god Serapis,

the Portico of Aristotle, the Academy of Alexander, the depository of that vast, and, alas, vanished library, whose destruction has left an utterly unbridgable hiatus in the records of the earlier years of the East. Those who have read Charles Kingsley's intensely thrilling and realistic romance of "Hypatia," will remember the vivid picture he draws of the mistaken zeal and insensate iconoclasm of the times in which this glorious structure was destroyed by order of the patriarch Theophilus. The last of the philosophers, and she a maiden, stately in intellect, queenly in beauty, saintly in purity, was torn to pieces at a Christian altar, and the old dim light of paganism, in its faint final flicker, was quenched in blood.

The Serapeum overthrown, its columns were piled up on the sea-shore to form a breakwater; all save one, the loftiest, which was re-erected by Publius, the Roman Prefect of Alexandria, a new base and capital provided for it, and dedicated to the honour of the Emperor Diocletian, as a memorial of the conquest of the city and the suppression of the revolt of the pretender Achilleus. This is Pompey's Pillar, so called by historian and traveller; while the Arab, true to far-stretching tradition, calls it still the Pillar of the Colonnades.

We left Alexandria the morning after our arrival by rail for Cairo. The line between the two cities is about one hundred and twenty miles in length, and crosses the fair and fertile Delta of the Nile. As we looked out from the windows of the very comfortable carriages, the ever varying panorama was novel and interesting in the extreme. The country was level, and would have been monotonously so but for the frequent canals, with their numerous appliances for irrigating purposes, and the interest excited by many a quaint wayfarer and his beast of burden—here a string of camels, patiently following in each other's footsteps, there a diminutive donkey, laden with panniers full of country produce. Now we pass some squalid hamlet of burnt bricks, anon we drew up at some station, disembarking passengers, queer of garb and face, and receiving others equally queer in their stead. O, those stations! I wish I could give a picture of the extraordinary scenes their platforms presented. I got out at one of them and took an instantaneous photograph of the crowd, but my picture is not before my readers, and I must be content to mention what I cannot describe.

"There are the Pyramids " suddenly exclaimed one of our

party, as we approached Cairo. Immediately there was a rush to the window. "Where, where?" "Why over there in the distance, don't you see!" And there, many a long mile ahead, we saw the sharp blue outline of the mighty wedges, dim, yet perfectly distinct in the clear Egyptian air.

Arrived at Cairo, amid the strange uproar, which in the East, seems inseparable from arrival at station or port, we were soon driven off to our quarters, at the Grand New Hotel; a huge, handsome, but, as we afterwards found, ill-managed

hostelry. Spacious and elegant in its outward appearance, and in its entrance halls and saloons, the bedrooms were ill kept, and the attendance wretched. I was appointed to a bedroom by myself, of course, but alas, I found there were other occupants, cosmopolitan in character, agile in limb, and peculiarly blood-thirsty, and I suffered accordingly. But it was a never-to-be-forgotten experience



TURKISH LADY.

to sit of an evening on the piazza of that hotel, with the delicious air revivifying one after a toilsome day's sight-seeing, and watch the broad street in front with its crowding, curious passers-by.

I have called Alexandria a mongrel town. The same might with equal, if not greater, truthfulness, be said of Cairo. It is but a step or two from the European quarter, with its stiff, stone buildings, and handsome shop fronts, to the devious dark and dirty purlieus of its labyrinthine bazaars. In fact, it is

but a hop, skip and a jump from the nineteenth century comforts of hotel, and shop, and villa, to scenes animate with the life, redolent with the odour, and dusky with the darkness of the Thousand and One Nights. Yonder stately turbaned Moslem, with salmon-coloured robe of sheeny satin, with loose, long outer cloak of deepest blue, might well be the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid; yonder veiled houri, whose coal-black eyes sparkle with sly sauciness, as the audacious unbeliever glances admiringly at her, might well be the beautiful Scheherazade; yonder stalwart swarthy boatman, exultant, it may be at having fleeced a Frankish tourist of a few piastres beyond his fare, might stand for Sinbad the Sailor, returned successful from the quest for a roc's egg, or better still, having found in some Newfoundland an addled egg of the Great Auk, and sold it, in London (mashallah!) to an addle-headed Giaour for three hundred guineas of infidel gold!

Essay a bargain at one of these quaint shops. It is little bigger than a large-sized packing-case; an attempt to swing the proverbial cat would certainly be disastrous to the outraged feline; and yet it is filled from roof to floor with articles of cost or commodity; of art, unique and expensive beyond the affording of any but the wealthiest virtuoso; of vulgar use and quaint adornment, within the few paras of the poverty-stricken fellah. Here shelf upon shelf of splendid silks, fresh from the looms of Madras or Damascus, there an array of kaleidoscopic carpets, woven in intricate and exquisite patterns and soft enough for the unsandalled feet of an angel from Paradise. Here one is filled with tarbooshes—the graceful tasseled caps worn almost universally in the East; there a shop where quaint pointed shoes and slippers of red morocco are piled promiscuously upon the board. Here is one for the sale of antiques. Come and feast your eyes, you who are trying to “live up to” blue china, on rare arabesqued tiles, on bronzes wreathen like lace and carven in the queer, grinning, goblin, genii forms, only possible to an opium-eater's fantasies; armour that might have belonged to the Mameluke Beys; scimitars, such as Saladin may have swung when he cleft a silk handkerchief in the air for sport, or cleft a Crusader's skull in the field for patriotism and the Prophet. Look at the proprietors as they squat solemnly beside their counters. What dignity of demeanour, what patriarchal grace, what ineffable patience, as they await the customers that providence may send them, and employ



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

themselves meanwhile in whiffing the soothing narghileh, indulging a nap, or reading the Koran. What an utter absence of the vulgar eagerness to sell, what a plentiful lack of the dapper and loquacious courtesy which characterizes the good

salesman of our Western emporiums—surely this is the very poetry of business, the very piety of trade.

Essay a bargain, I say again. See yonder venerable man in the stall of antiquities, spectacles on nose, oblivious of everything earthly, intent only on the Koran he is reading ; he might be Ali Baba, you think, or any other potent, grave and reverend seignior of eastern story. You have heard, indeed, that oriental shopkeepers are apt to cheat a foreigner, you think it must be a gross libel as you look at the reverend man before you. Speak to him. He knows a few words of English, French, Italian, and he is an adept at the universal language of signs. You ask him the price of an article, he solemnly asks you five times what a similar one would cost at an antiquary's in London. You repeat your question, thinking you have been mistaken, with imperturbable gravity he repeats his answer, affirming, it may be, in an extraordinary mixture of Arabic, Italian, French and English, that out of respect for you he is ruining himself ; that it is "molto bono, bon marché, ver cheap." May be some uncleanly and unsavoury bystander here interposes, a broker for the nonce, showing an altogether unexpected interest in you and your would-be purchase, and vociferating meanwhile in an utterly unintelligible jargon, while a small crowd gathers around you. You have read the warning of your guide-book, and with as brazen a front as you can assume you offer him one quarter of what he asks. He is indignant, he expostulates, he deprecates the injustice, he is angry at the insinuation that his own price was anything but a bargain. He now comes down a little, you remain firm, a little more, he declares you are ruining him, still you remain firm. At length, as he sees you are leaving, he bids you take it at your price, he even thrusts it into your hands, and he goes back to his Koran, with the quiet, serene consciousness of having sold it at double its value ; while you who thought at the beginning, that he might be Ali Baba, have suspicions, at the end, that he is one of the Forty Thieves.

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it, do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

I.



OLD LAMB ROW, CHESTER.

ALMOST all visitors from the New World enter England by the port of Liverpool. The first impression received is that of the immensity of its shipping interests. A score of ocean steamers are gliding in and out with the tide, and white-winged ships, from all parts of the world, are flying like doves to their windows. Its seven miles of docks and its forests of masts give a new conception of the maritime supremacy of England.

The busy aspect of the scene forcibly recalls the description of a local bard :

“ Behold the crowded port,
 Whose rising masts an endless prospect yields,
 With labour burns, and echoes to the shout
 Of hurried sailors, as they hearty wave
 Their last adieu, and loosening every sail,
 Resign the speeding vessel to the wind.”

Liverpool bears little of the impress of antiquity. The splendid public buildings that we see, the palace-like hotels,

the crowded and busy streets, are all of comparatively recent construction. It has more the air of New York or Chicago, than that of an Old World town. The famous St. George's Hall, the Exchange, the City Hall, and especially the massive warehouses and miles on miles of docks give a striking impression of its commercial greatness. The Walker Art Gallery and the Free Library and Museum must exercise a very salutary influence on the æsthetic and intellectual education of the people.

The maritime prosperity of Liverpool, Bristol and some other of the western seaports had a bad beginning; it was founded largely upon the slave trade. Many scores of vessels were en-



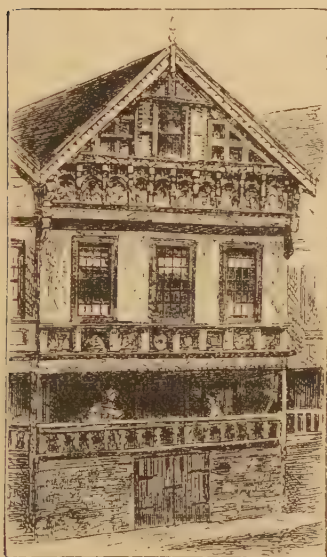
STANLEY HOUSE, CHESTER.

gaged in this nefarious business, and slave auctions were frequent on the streets—one of which was long known as "Negro Street."

Within a short run of Liverpool, only sixteen miles, is the charming old city of Chester. Here one may first get his full flavour of antiquity. As one enters within its walls he seems to step back five hundred years. Certainly no place in England is more delightfully quaint and old-fashioned than Chester.

"I have come to Chester, Madam, I cannot tell how, and far less can I tell how to get away from it." Such was Dr. Johnson's graceful way of saying that he had found this venerable city exceptionally full of interest. And his was by no means a singular experience; on the contrary, it may with absolute safety be affirmed that no one ever came to Chester without

being exceedingly reluctant to leave it. Not to speak of its cathedral or its castle, it is the one town in the United Kingdom whose ancient walls have at no point succumbed to the ravages of siege or the decay of age, while it is not less pre-eminent in the survival of the picturesque domestic architecture of the seventeenth century.



BISHOP LLOYD'S, PALACE,
CHESTER.

The plan of the city is in great part that of a Roman camp; and when it is seen that the position commands the mouth of the Dee, and is one of the gates of Wales, it is not surprising that the military genius of the Romans made it the base of the forces which were charged with the subjugation of North Wales. Here for more than two hundred years was stationed the historic twentieth legion, the *Victrix*. The present walls, which probably date from the time of Alfred, follow the Roman lines very closely. That part of the city which lies within the walls is intersected by three main streets, two running north and south corresponding with the east and west walls, and the third extending

from east to west. Its name was gradually softened into Chester from *castra*, a camp.

The visitor will do well to make the tour of the walls, which he will find surmounted by a paved pathway five or six feet wide, and accessible from various points by means of flights of steps. By looking over the parapet he may see some of the Roman masonry. Here, too, the Chester and Nantwich Canal runs parallel with the wall, while further west, are Morgan's Mount and Goblin Tower, or Pemberton's Parlour—the former much modernized, the latter greatly altered at the beginning of the last century. At the north-western angle is Bonwaldes-thorne's Tower, with a flight of steps leading down to a short causeway, and at the end of this is the Water Tower, or New Tower. Why it should be called the New Tower is not easy of comprehension, seeing that it has attained the very respectable

age of nearly 600 years, having been built in 1300—at a cost of £100! Its older title is—or rather was—appropriate enough, for strange as it may seem now that the Dee is a good two hundred yards away, it is an undoubted fact that at one time the tower was laved by the tidal waters, and in the walls remains of the iron rings to which vessels were moored are yet to be seen. The change is due partly to Nature, and partly to Art, the channel of the river having been slowly silted up by the one, while embankments have been constructed by the other. From a tower, now used as a museum, Charles I. watched the defeat of his army on Rowton Moor.

The massive tower, known as Cæsar's or Agricola's Tower, and dating from Norman times, is the only portion of the old castle which remains, and even this has been so extensively repaired as to have lost its time-worn aspect.

The cathedral, formerly attached to a Benedictine monastery, of which parts still remain, is not imposing externally. Internally its aspect is more impressive. There is a handsome monument to Bishop Pearson, the author of the classic work on the Creed, who was buried at this spot. An elegant stone pulpit is to be seen in the refectory of the monastery; from it the custom was for one of the brethren to read aloud while the others were at meals, body and mind thus being fed simultaneously. The New Park is the gift of the Duke of Westminster, whose fine seat, Eaton Hall, is one of the sights of this part of the country; Hawarden Castle, the residence of the Prime Minister, being another.

Trinity Church contains the remains of Matthew Henry, the commentator, and Parnell, the poet. The Town Hall, opposite the Cathedral, is a handsome and even stately structure. But the most interesting feature of Chester is found in its quaint old houses. There is hardly a street in which they are not to be seen; but the best specimens are in Watergate Street, among them one built by Bishop Lloyd, who was appointed to the see of Chester in 1605. On another house, dated 1652, appears the inscription,

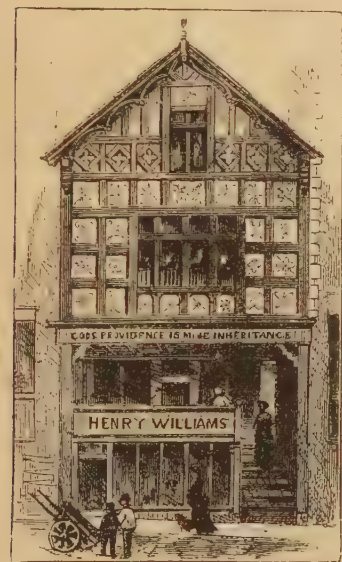
"God's Providence is mine Inheritance,"

said to have been placed there to commemorate the fact that this was the only house in the city which escaped the plague. In this and several other parts of the city are the Rows, the like of which, as Fuller truly averred, is "not to be seen in all Eng-

land, no, nor in Europe again." They are not dissimilar to the arcades to be met with in Berne and other continental towns; but they are unlike them, inasmuch as they run along at a height of several feet above the street. The best shops are for the most part in the Rows, and in almost every case there is "no connection" between them and the shops on the ground floors. To reach the town house of an old Earl of Derby—

a handsome place during the civil wars—I had to pass through an alley only two feet wide. It is now a sort of junk shop—so fallen is its high estate. A young girl showed me the hiding place in the roof where the Earl lay concealed for days till he was discovered, taken to Bolton, and executed for his fidelity to his king.

The ancient Abbey of St. Mary's, of which we show the quaint old gate, had its site near the castle, and not far away are the picturesque ruins of St. John's Chapel, outside the walls. According to a local legend, King Harold, the "last of the Saxons," was not slain as it was generally supposed at the battle of Hastings, but escaped and spent the



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE,
CHESTER.

remainder of his life as a hermit, dwelling in a cell near this chapel and on a cliff alongside the Dee.

No one can ride beside the treacherous sand-flats of the river Dee without thinking of Kingsley's pathetic poem:

"Go, Mary, call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."

Many a poor girl, says one who knows the region well, sent for the cattle wandering on these sands, has been lost in the mist that rises from the sea and drowned in the quickly rushing waters.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam—

To her grave beside the sea ;
 But still the boatman hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands o' Dee."

The new Town Hall of Chester is every way worthy of its ancient architectural glory. The city is built on a sandstone rock, from which much of the building material is taken, so that many of the ancient structures are much disintergrated by the weather. This gives a significance to Dean Swift's ill-natured epigram :

" Churches and clergy of this city
 Are very much akin :
 They're weather-beaten all without
 And empty all within."

The "marches" of Wales, *i.e.*, the land along the English borders, abound in ancient castles. Few of these present a finer example of a mediæval feudal stronghold than Ludlow Castle. It was built shortly after the Conquest, as the low-browed Norman arches, with their elaborate zig-zag "dog-tooth" mouldings, indicate. Here the youthful Edward VI. was proclaimed, soon to mysteriously disappear. From Ludlow Castle, Wales was governed for more than three centuries. Here dwelt young Philip Sidney. Here Milton's "Comus" was represented, and here

Butler wrote part of his "Hudibras." The castle long held out for Charles I., but it had to yield to the cannon of the Round-heads. To these solid and forcible arguments much of its present dilapidation is due.

The town of Ludlow is filled with timber-roofed "pargeted" houses, one of the most striking of which is the old "Feathers Inn," shown in our cut. It takes its name from the curious enrichment of the exterior, a conspicuous feature of which is the heraldic "feathers" of the Prince of Wales. It is a fine



ABBEY GATE, CHESTER.

example of those picturesque old hostelries which abound in England, of which Ben Johnson says: "Man always finds his warmest welcome at his inn."

BRISTOL.

Antiquarians, says a recent writer, have always been divided in their opinions about the age of this famous city and port.



THE FEATHERS INN, LUDLOW.

Some of them carry it back to the time of the semi- or wholly fabulous hero of antiquity, Brutus of Troy, he who slew the Cornish giants, and, re-peopling this land with his own and his followers' descendants, first called it Britain. Its earliest name is said to have been *Caer Brito* (the City of the Briton), whence Bristow, whence Bristol. But all this is vague and uncertain—mere conjecture. What we know is, that Roman remains exist

here proving the occupation of this site by the Romans, and that we have a written record of its existence in 1051. In Domesday Book the city of Bristol is rated higher than all others, with but three exceptions, these being London, York, and Winchester. King Alfred walled it in and strengthened it, probably against the Danes, but for whose piratical visits it would doubtless not have been a sea-port so far from the sea. In old Saxon times, the nearer the coast the greater and more deadly was the peril.

In the reign of Henry II. Bristol was full of ships from Norway, Ireland, and every part of Europe. One of its great merchant princes, William Canynge, employed eight hundred mariners. About 1497 the illustrious Cabot, who first observed the variation of the needle in the mariner's compass, had set sail from Bristol on the famous voyage which discovered Newfoundland. He was probably the first European to set foot on the American Continent—just before Columbus discovered it, according to some authorities, and just after, according to others. Settlers from Bristol colonized Newfoundland. A Bristol vessel brought home Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, from Juan Fernandez. The port, too, enjoys the honour of having first established steam communication with America, in the year 1838, by the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*. The population is over 200,000.

The cathedral is remarkable neither for antiquity nor beauty. But the noble Norman doorway, leading to College Green, with its rich dog-tooth and carved mouldings will attract the attention. Joseph Butler, of "Analogy" renown, whose name is too great for even the most honourable prefixes, was bishop of Bristol. A statue of this prince of apologists will be found in the cathedral, and not far from it is a monument of Miss Mary Carpenter, the "Dorcas" of Bristol. There is also a bust of Robert Southey, who was a native of the city.

The western entrance of St. Mary's Church still contains the reputed rib of the dun-cow, whose capacious udder supplied all Bristol with milk! There is every probability that it is the whale's bone presented to the city by Cabot in 1477, upon his return from Newfoundland.

It was in the muniment room of this church that Thomas Chatterton, a lawyer's clerk, professed to have found a number of curious M.SS. in prose and poetry, the work of Rowley, a priest, and a friend of William Canynge. The deception curi-

ously enough escaped detection, and stimulated by success, Chatterton went up to London to write for the booksellers. The melancholy story of the boy poet is well known, and needs no summary. He died by his own hand in a garret to avoid starvation when he was only seventeen, and was buried in a nameless grave in Holborn. In the north-west angle of Redcliffe churchyard a handsome monument commemorates at once his brilliant genius and his unhappy fate. With another Bristol church is bound up the memory of an equally unfortunate poet, for the churchyard of St. Peter's contains the remains of Richard Savage, who died in the debtors' prison in this city. Broadmead Chapel counts among its former pastors John Foster,



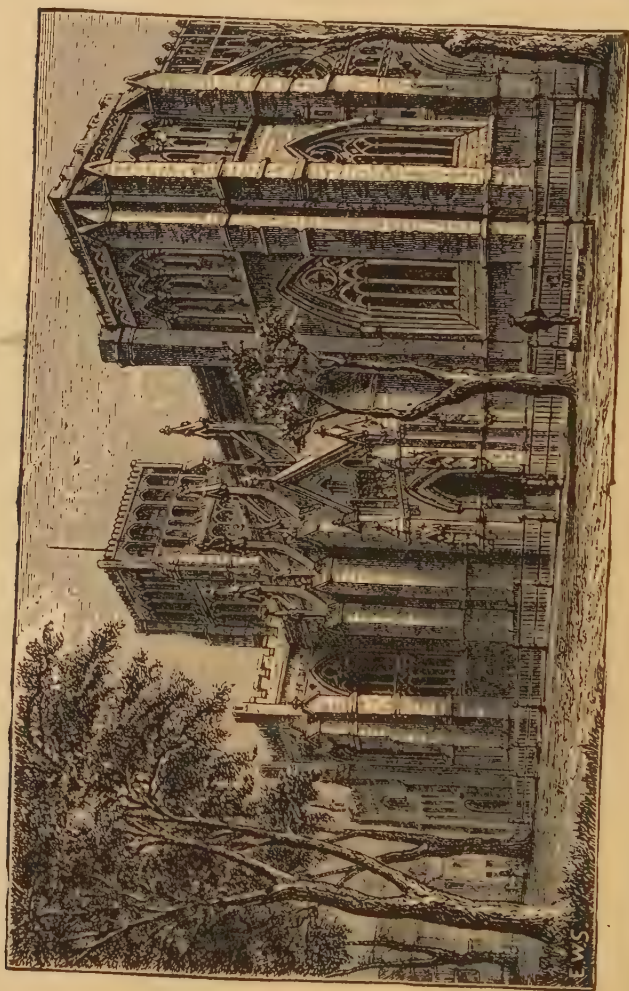
MARKET PLACE, DUNSTER.

the essayist, and Robert Hall, whose resplendent oratory has given him immortal fame. At the Tabernacle, in Penn Street, Rowland Hill, afterwards of Surrey Chapel, London, began his remarkable ministerial career.

Clifton, once distinct from, now forms a part of Bristol. The tramcars, which have their terminus by the Great Western Railway Station, run through the streets and up the steep hills of Bristol to a station almost underneath a triumph of modern engineering art, the bridge over that wonderful chasm in the rock to which Clifton owed its ancient British name, *Caer Oder* (the City of the Chasm). There the scenery is of the most wildly romantic character, needing only solitude for its perfection. But that it will, probably, never again possess, for it is

springs emerging from the lower part of St. Vincent's Rocks, the much-patronized and built-upon suburb of Bristol's wealthy citizens, and the favourite resort of its numerous fashionable visitors.

As a watering-place Clifton derives its fame from hot-water



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

where pumps and a bathing place were erected in the seventeenth century. The magnificent Suspension Bridge has a span of 676 feet in extent, and the entire length of the bridge is 1,352 feet. The Clifton Zoological Gardens have, out of London, the finest zoological collection in the Kingdom, and Clifton

and Durdham Downs have for the further delight of residents and visitors four hundred and forty-two acres of picturesque breezy upland, over which you may walk, ride or drive in various directions to spots which have their own rewarding charms.

Proceeding on our journey southward through Somersetshire,



WELL'S CATHEDRAL.

amid the picturesque seclusion of the Mendip Hills, the ancient city of Wells, the smallest and most solemnly quiet city in England, shut up amidst the most delightful scenery, far out and away from all the noise and turbulent bustle of active life. It has been described as "the best example in England of a strictly ecclesiastical city."

The city of Wells dates from the time of the Romans, and takes its name from the numerous springs with which

it abounds. Among its most famous bishops were the "proud prelate Wolsey," and the apostolic Ken. When Ken was prebend of Winchester, Charles II. visited the town and asked the prebend to furnish lodgings for the notorious Nell Gwynne. He flatly refused. The Merry Monarch knew an honest man when he met one, and when the see of Wells became vacant offered it to "the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." Ken was one of the six bishops committed by James II. to the tower, but declining to take the oath of allegiance to William III., he was deprived of preferment, and retired to the

home of his nephew, Isaak Walton. The memory of the good bishop is kept green throughout Christendom by his sweet morning and evening hymns, written in the summer-house of the cathedral close. The most remarkable feature about the cathedral is the inverted arches under the central tower, forming a cross of St. Andrew, to whom the building is dedicated. These arches were inserted subsequently to the erection of the tower to strengthen its supports—an ingenious contrivance not without a certain grace. The fan tracery above is very beautiful; the sunlight streaming through the openings has a striking effect.

Proceeding a little further west we reach the quaint old market-town of Dunster, at the base of the steep Brandon Hills. On a neighbouring height is the castle of the original Lord of Dunster. It is a characteristic example of an old English market-town; its usual quiet disturbed only by the bustle of market-day. The curious octagonal market building, in the foreground of the engraving, will be noted as an example of many similar structures in these quaint old towns. The humble dwellings of the towns-people nestle beneath the shadow of the castle, pretty much as in the olden days, when its protection was a matter of much greater importance.

THE PRAYER OF LIFE.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer :
Not for ease that prayer shall be ;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness ;
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

THE historic associations of St. John are of fascinating interest. Its settlement dates back to the stormy conflict for jurisdiction and trading rights of D'Aulnay and La Tour, in the old Acadian days. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. The legend is one of the bits of history in which St. John takes special pride. Every one knows the story—how Madame, wife of Charles St. Etienne de la Tour, one of the lords of Acadia, under the French king, held that fort when it was attacked by the rival lord of Acadia, D'Aulnay Charnizay, while her husband was absent seeking help from the Puritans of Massachusetts; and how she held it so well and bravely that she repulsed the besieger until the treachery of one of her garrison, a Swiss, placed her in D'Aulnay's hands; and how all her garrison, but the Swiss, were put to death; and how Madame herself died, from grief and ill-treatment, in nine days, before her husband could arrive to her succour.

The real founding of the present city dates from the close of the war of the American Revolution. Liberal provision was made in the British Colonies for the reception of the U. E. Loyalist refugees from the United States, and large land-grants were allotted them. Considerable numbers came to Halifax, Annapolis, Port Roseway (Shelburne), and other points. The main body, however, settled near the St. John and Kennebecassis rivers. On the 18th of May, 1783, the ships bearing these exiles for conscience' sake, arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not a flattering one. The site of the present noble city of St. John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of the old French fort, together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores, met their gaze. Before the summer was over, a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity.

To the new settlement the name of Parrtown was given, in

honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. Soon the loyalists claimed representation in the Assembly of Nova Scotia. This the Governor opposed, as his instructions prohibited the increase of representatives. The settlers on the St. John urged that their territory should be set apart as a separate province, with its own representative institutions. They had powerful friends in England, and the division was accordingly made. The Province of New Brunswick was created, and named in honour of the reigning dynasty of Great Britain, 1784.

In 1785, Parrtown became incorporated as the city of St. John. It was thus the first, and, for many years the only, incorporated city in British North America. The first session of the House of Assembly was held in St. John in 1786, but two years later, the seat of government was transferred to Fredericton, eighty-five miles up the St. John River, as being more central to the province, and in order to secure immunity from hostile attack and from the factious or corrupting influence of the more populous commercial metropolis St. John.

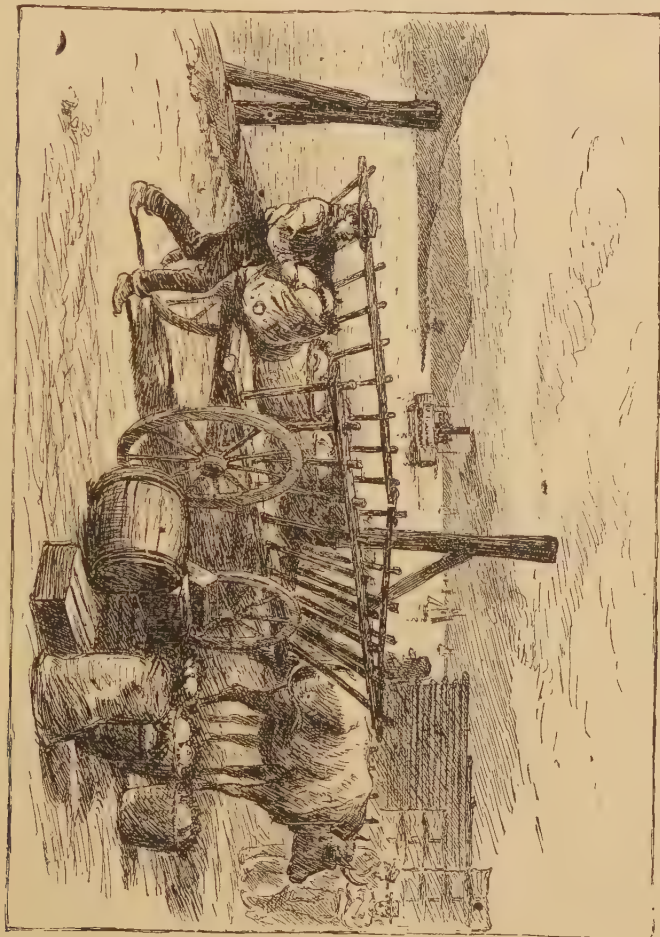
The River St. John is navigable for steamers of large size for eighty-five miles from the sea to Fredericton. Above Fredericton smaller steamers ply to Woodstock, about seventy miles farther; and when the water is high, make occasional trips to Tobique, a farther distance of fifty miles; sometimes reaching Grand Forks, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles from the sea, with a break at the Grand Falls. This noble river, with its branches, furnishes 1,300 miles of navigable waters. At Fredericton it is larger than the Hudson at Albany. It floats immense quantities of timber to the sea, some of which is cut within sound of the guns of Quebec.

There can be nothing finer than the short trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. You embark at Indiantown, above the rapids, and sail out into the stream, moving past a high overhanging cliff, fir-crowned, with limekilns nestling snugly on little beaches at its base. There is a keen breeze, cool even when the thermometer is in the nineties in the city. The boat is lively with a mixed company of passengers, bound for any landing stage or station between Indiantown and Grand Falls, or even Edmunston—for the river is a favourite route, as far as it is available—to all points in the neighbouring interior.

The St. John is a lordly river, almost as fine in scenic effect

as either the Hudson or the Rhine. It winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating, banks, through scenes of majestic beauty. The land is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly mark-

RIVER LANDING ON THE ST. JOHN.



ing the Canadian contour of the forests. Peaceful banks they are, with here and there a quiet homestead reposing among their curves, and here and there a rustic-looking lighthouse out on a point, warning of shallows.

Fredericton, the capital, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the St. John. Its wide elm-shaded streets, its large

and imposing Methodist Church, its beautiful Christ Church Cathedral, its low rambling Parliament buildings, its substantial free-stone University, commanding a beautiful outlook of the winding river—these are a pleasant memory to the present writer. In company with the late Lieutenant Governor Wilmot—one of the most brilliant orators and statesmen New Brunswick ever produced—I visited the many places of interest in the city, and was hospitably entertained in his elegant home. Of scarce less interest was the drive to Marysville, on the right bank of the river, the seat of the great mills of Mr. Gibson, the “lumber king” of New Brunswick. The octagonal Methodist church, beautifully grained, carved, frescoed and gilt, with stained glass lantern and windows—an exquisite architectural gem—is the free gift of Mr. Gibson to the Methodist denomination. The comfortable homes erected for his workmen, and the high moral tone of the village make this an ideal community.

It was a beautiful day in August, 1887, on which I made the trip over the New Brunswick Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The first part of the journey, after leaving the river, leads through a dreary and monotonous region. The route *via* McAdam Junction traverses a succession of dead or dying forests, occasional clearings bristling with stumps and stretches of fire-swept forests. On reaching Woodstock, however, the change was like one from Purgatory to Paradise. Bold wooded bluffs, fertile fields of yellowing grain, and apple-laden orchards delighted the eye and mind. The ride from Woodstock onward was one of ideal loveliness. In the first place, for most of the way the train was on the right side of the river, that is the side facing the sun. It makes a vast difference whether one looks at a landscape in direct or reflected light. In the former case the sun's rays light up the grass and foliage with a vivid, living green. In the latter case everything is of a much more subdued and dull colour.

The views across the winding river dimpling and sparkling in long and shining reaches, with a noble back-ground of sloping uplands, fertile fields, and comfortable-looking farmsteads, presented a picture long to live in the memory. Woodstock, Florenceville, and Tobique are pleasant towns upon the noble river, with many lesser villages and hamlets. On we wound on a shelf so high up on the river bank that we could in places

follow its windings for miles, crossing lofty trestles and catching brief glimpses of narrow glens between the hills, of quaint little mills and sequestered nooks where through the loopholes of retreat one might undisturbed behold the busy world go by.

As one approaches the Grand Falls the country becomes wilder and more rugged and more sterile. Here, in what I thought would be a sort of *Ultima Thule* of civilization, I found a comfortable hotel with electric bells and all the modern improvements. The Grand Falls far surpassed in size and sublimity anything that I had anticipated. There is below the Falls a wild and lonely gorge, worn during the long, slow ages by the remorseless tooth of the cataract, which seems as solitary as some never-before-visited ravine of the primeval world. Here I found great "pot-holes," which I estimated roughly at forty feet deep and twelve feet across, worn by the pounding and scouring of big boulders under the action of the torrent. Seldom have I seen such contorted, folded, twisted, tortured strata, rising in places in buttressed cliffs from one hundred to two hundred and forty feet high. The lines of cleavage were very marked, and the resultant disintegration gave the rock the appearance of remarkable cyclopean architecture.

Just below there was a huge log jam which must await the next freshet before it could be released. Every now and then another bruised and battered log would go sweeping down the arrowy rapids, writhing like a drowning man in his death-struggle. The pines and spruces and shivering aspens clung to the rocky wall and peered over the top of the cliff, whilst the thunder of waters seemed to make the solid rock to reel, and a rich saffron sunset filled the sky. In this gorge the darkness rapidly deepened, and a feeling of desolation, almost of terror, made me glad to get away.

The view of the Falls themselves from the graceful suspension bridge thrown across their very front was almost more impressive. Pale and spectral, like a sheeted ghost in the gathering darkness, they gleamed; and all night I could hear, when I woke, their faint voice calling from afar. I have before me a photograph of a great log-jam which took place here a few years ago. The yawning gorge was filled up to the very top of the Fall, fifty-eight feet high, and for a long distance, probably half a mile, below. The jam lasted a week, and then was swept out in ten minutes with a rise of the waters.

The railway goes on to Edmunston, forty miles farther,

through a country peopled chiefly by Acadian French. They are mostly engaged in lumbering and in farming the fertile "intervalles" by the river side. Every little village has its group of quaint, old houses, and its large Roman Catholic church. The river is here the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and the Canadian and American villages face each other on its opposite banks. Few persons have any conception of the vast extent of forest on the head waters of this great river—an extent seven times larger than that of the famous Black Forest in Germany. It is about seventy miles from Edmunston to Rivière du Loup, through a wild and rugged country, the very paradise of the devotees of the rod and gun.

The ravenous saw mills in this pine wilderness are not unlike the huge dragons that used in popular legend to lay waste the country; and like dragons, they die when their prey, the lordly pines, are all devoured. Returning from the Grand Falls I had to get up at 3.15 on a dark and rainy morning to take the "Flying Bluenose" train which intercepts the "Flying Yankee" from Bangor, and reaches St. John about mid-afternoon.

My good friend, Mr. Brewer, took myself and a gentleman from Boston, for a drive through the romantic environs of the city. It was a surprise to find such a well-stocked art gallery, the result of private beneficence. There were original paintings by a number of the leading artists of Great Britain and by some also of Continental repute.

Tourists in search of the picturesque should not fail to take the trip from St. John to Passamaquoddy Bay and the Grand Manan Island. The magnificent sea-worn, richly-coloured cliffs of Grand Manan rising abruptly to the height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, are at once the rapture and despair of the artist. The quaint border towns of St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's present many features of interest which well repay a visit. St. Stephen's, at the head of navigation on the St. Croix River, is a thriving town of some six thousand inhabitants, and is connected by a covered bridge with Calais, an American town of similar size. The people have always preserved international friendship, even during the war of 1812-14.

Still more striking in its picturesqueness of aspect is the bold scenery—the great bays and towering headlands—of the Gulf coast.

The great rivers on the Gulf coast are: the Miramichi, navigable for vessels of 1,000 tons for twenty-five miles from its mouth, for schooners twenty miles farther, and above this point it is farther navigable for sixty miles for tow-boats; the



THE CLIFFS—GRAND MANAN.

Restigouche, a noble river three miles wide at its mouth at the Bay of Chaleurs, and navigable for large vessels for eighteen miles. This river and tributaries drain about 4,000 miles of territory, abounding in timber and other valuable resources.

To reach this region we return to the main line of the Inter-colonial Railway at Moncton. For some distance west of Moncton the railway traverses an uninteresting country, cross-

ing the headwaters of the Richibucto River, at some distance from the flourishing fishing villages and fine farming settlements on the Gulf coast. At Newcastle it crosses the two branches of the Miramichi, on elegant iron bridges, each over 1,200 feet long. On these bridges nearly \$1,000,000 was spent, much of it in seeking, in the deep water, foundations for the massive piers. In any other country the Miramichi, flowing two hundred miles from the interior, would be thought a large river, but here it is only one among a number of such. Its upper regions have never been fully explored. They are still the haunt of the moose, caribou, deer, bear, wolf, fox, and many kind of smaller game; while the streams abound in the finest fish. In 1825 the Miramichi district was devastated by one of the most disastrous forest fires of which we have any record. A long drought had parched the forest to tinder. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streams were shrunken to rivulets. Numerous fires had laid waste the woods and farms, and filled the air with stifling smoke. The Government House at Fredericton was burned. But a still greater calamity was impending. On the 7th of October, a storm of flame swept over the country for sixty miles—from Miramichi to the Bay of Chaleurs. A pitchy darkness covered the sky, lurid flames swept over the earth, consuming the forest, houses, barns, crops, and the towns of Newcastle and Douglas, with several ships upon the stocks. Resistance was in vain and escape almost impossible. The only hope of eluding the tornado of fire was to plunge into the rivers and marshes; and to cower in the water or ooze till the waves of flame had passed. The roar of the wind and fire, the crackling and crashing of the pines, the bellowing of the terrified cattle, and the glare of the conflagration were an assemblage of horrors sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. When that fatal night had passed, the thriving towns, villages and farms over an area of five thousand square miles were a charred and blackened desolation. A million dollars' worth of accumulated property was consumed, and the loss of timber was incalculable. One hundred and sixty persons perished in the flames or in their efforts to escape, and hundreds were maimed for life. The generous aid of the sister provinces, and of Great Britain and the United States, greatly mitigated the sufferings of the hapless inhabitants, made homeless on the eve of a rigorous winter.

Bathurst is a pretty town on the Nepisiguit River, whose

rapids and falls, 140 feet high, are well worth a visit. The shooting of saw-logs over the falls, is an exciting scene. A large business is done in shipping salmon on ice. The road now leads through a well-settled and beautiful country, with a number of neat villages of French origin—Petite Roche, Belle-dune, Jaquet River, and others.

Soon we strike the magnificent Bay of Chaleurs—one of the noblest havens and richest fishing grounds in the world—ninety miles long and from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide. I could not help thinking of that first recorded visit to this lonely bay, three hundred and fifty years ago, when Jacques Cartier, with his two small vessels, entered its broad expanse and found the change, from the cold fogs of Newfoundland to the genial warmth of this sheltered bay, so grateful that he gave it the name of the Bay of Heats, which it bears to this day. The Indian name, however, “Bay of Fish,” was still more appropriate. These waters are yearly visited by great fleets of American fishermen from Gloucester and Cape Cod. We in the West have little idea of the value of the harvest of the sea in those maritime provinces, where it is often the best, or, indeed, the only harvest the people gather. It was in these waters that the misdeed of Skipper Ireson, commemorated as follows by Whittier, found its scene:

“Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town’s-people on her deck!
‘Lay by! lay by!’ they called to him;
Back he answered, ‘Sink or swim!’
Brag of your catch of fish again!’
And off he sailed through the fog and rain.
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

“Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain that sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.”

For many miles the railway runs close to the shore of this noble bay, its blue waters sparkling in the sun,

And like the wings of the sea birds
Flash the white-caps of the sea.

Around the numerous fishing hamlets in the foreground lay boats, nets, lobster-pots and the like: and out in the offing gleamed the snowy sails of the fishing boats. A branch railway runs down the bay to Dalhousie, a pleasant seaside town backed by noble hills. Dalhousie is a convenient point of departure if one wishes to visit the famous land of Gaspé, for from it a steamer runs twice a week and calls at grand sporting places on the way. If one has a taste to visit Anticosti, he will find packets at Gaspé to take him there, or should he desire to see the quaint regions of the Magdalen Islands, he can easily get there from Paspébiac. As the bay narrows into the estuary of the Restigouche, the scenery becomes bolder and more majestic. Lest I should be accused of exaggerating its grandeur, I quote the opinions of two other tourists:

"To the person approaching by steamer from the sea, is presented one of the most superb and fascinating panoramic views in Canada. The whole region is mountainous, and almost precipitous enough to be Alpine; but its grandeur is derived less from cliffs, chasms, and peaks, than from far-reaching sweeps of outline, and continually rising domes that mingle with the clouds. On the Gaspé side precipitous cliffs of brick-red sandstone flank the shore, so lofty that they seem to cast their gloomy shadows half-way across the bay, and yawning with rifts and gullies, through which fretful torrents tumble into the sea. Behind them the mountains rise and fall in long undulations of ultramarine, and, towering above them all is the famous peak of Tracadiegash flashing in the sunlight like a pale blue amethyst."

"The expanse of three miles across the mouth of the Restigouche, the dreamy Alpine land beyond, and the broad plain of the Bay of Chaleur, present one of the most splendid and fascinating panoramic prospects to be found on the continent of America, and has alone rewarded us for the pilgrimage we have made."

What a splendid panorama is enjoyed day by day by the occupants of the lonely farm-houses on the far hills looking over the majestic bay.

Campbellton, an important railway and shipping point, is situated at the head of deep water navigation. The river is here a mile wide, and at its busy mills Norwegian vessels were loading with deals for British ports. Its situation is most romantic. On every side rise noble forest-clad hills, with far-receding glens and valleys, winding into the distance—like the mountains of Wales, said my travelling companion. As I went to church on Sunday night the scene was most impressive. The solemn hills beguarded the town on every side, waiting as if for the sun's last benediction on their heads. The saffron sky deepened in tone to golden and purple. Twilight shadows filled the glens and mantled over sea and shore. There are several Protestant churches, among which our own Methodist church holds well her own. I could not help thinking, if you take the church spires and the religious life they represent out of our Canadian villages what a blank you would leave behind. How sordid and poor and mean the life and thought of the people would be. How narrow their horizon, how merely animal their lives.

The isolation of many of our ministers in the east is something that we in the west can hardly conceive. Take the brother at Campbellton for instance. His nearest Methodist neighbour on one side, at Bathurst, is sixty miles away. The nearest in another direction, at Gaspé, is about a hundred and twenty miles away. The nearest in a third direction, at Rivière du Loup, is two hundred miles away. Yet here he bravely holds the fort, visiting the scattered outports and keeping the sacred fire burning in lonely hearts and homes.

At Mission Point, across the river, is an Indian reservation, with a population of five hundred Micmacs, and a Roman Catholic church. At Campbellton is one of the cosiest inns I have seen, not pretentious, but clean and comfortable. From the tidy dining-room one may look out of the window into the tide-water, ebbing and flowing beneath it, where the fresh salmon on the table may have been disporting a few hours before. One never knows the true taste of salmon, till he eats its fresh from the sea in these tide waters. It is better even than the famous Fraser River salmon of British Columbia.

The Restigouche is one of the great salmon streams of the world, and is a popular resort, during the season, of the devotees of the "gentle craft" from the chief cities of Canada and the United States.

Before one leaves Campbellton he should, if possible, climb Sugar Loaf Mountain, eight hundred feet high, which seems attractively near. If possible, I say, for I heard of some of the young preachers of the Methodist District Meeting who essayed the task and failed. The path is very steep and rugged, but the view from the summit well repays the effort. One can trace the windings of the Restigouche up and down among the hills for many miles. Here I saw the splendid spectacle of the approach of a thunder storm across the valley. The sun was shining brilliantly everywhere except in the track of the storm. It was grand to watch its approach, but when it wrapped one in its wet and cold embrace, it rather threw a damper over the fun. The trees were soon dripping—and so was I. I got down rather demoralized as to my clothes, but having laid up a memory of delight as an abiding possession.



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

The Restigouche, from its mouth to its junction with the Matapedia, is the boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec. For over twenty miles above Campbellton we follow its winding way between forest-clad hills. Before we cross the border at Metapedia we will pause for a general glance at the great province on which we are about to enter.

THE CHURCH'S WORKING DOCTRINES.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

(A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.)

II.

ENOUGH, likely, as to the "fighting doctrines of the Church;" some of them proper and necessary in their place; though it had been well, if many of them had never been stirred or stated. Men can build mills on streams and get all their benefit, though they may not have explored from what mountains the streams came down, or by what rocks and hills they sprung. Men may understand seeds and soils, and do good tillage, even though they may not have settled to what geologic age they belong, or have placed them very satisfactorily in mineralogical or botanical nomenclature. So the living, saving energies of religion, of the Christian religion, men could have possessed and enjoyed in fact and fruition without the smoke of conflict, even yet not fully subsided, or the roar of battle, even yet echoing along the distant hills. Old forts down by the sea may be deserted and the ramparts forsaken and silent; the peaceful, productive multitudes may be up toiling in the mountains, forests, valleys, and mines; but, strange to say, there are spectres of the past, ghosts of the years bygone into dimness, that haunt the crumbling fortresses of theological conflict, and love the ancient exercises and the former rush of battle, though it be with phantom gun and sword, with sabre of shadow, and squadron of cloud; with the mutterings of their own unrest, the shrieks of their own malice, and the howlings of their own despair.

From these haunted fortresses, these ancient spectres, and this ghostly war, let us look up over the broad continents of humanity, and see with what implements Christianity would do its work, toiling with and for the millions; with what doctrines it would dwell among men, not to unsettle and divide them, not to darken and distress them; but to help and guide and lift and save them. What are the Church's working doctrines?

Any one will see at a glance that they must be the personal and experimental doctrines of the Christian religion. Not a

treatise on the nature of God, or a treatise on the nature of man ; not a system of theology, ethics or metaphysics ; but the vital, direct doctrines arising out of a correct theology and sound metaphysics pertaining immediately to both God and man, uniting them in the great purposes and offices of religion ; combining their moral and spiritual energies under a covenant of grace to the salvation of the individual, the salvation of the multitude and the honour of God.

The doctrines taught by the Church of God that come most clearly within this scope are conviction of sin by the Holy Spirit ; genuine repentance on the part of the individual man ; acceptance of Christ, the offered Saviour, and trust in Him for salvation, the regeneration of the nature, and assurance of adoption, the sanctification of the heart and life, and the baptism of spiritual power, both for personal peace and growth and knowledge and goodness, and for influence and usefulness with others. There is much that precedes these doctrines necessary to them, and out of which they spring ; and there is much that follows them by covenanted sequence, of immense importance and great power and glory. But as it is not necessary to successful farming to know minutely how the roots are running in the ground ; or to pull up the plants to learn how they grow ; or to be assured of the market to which the raw product shall finally tend ; and as it is not necessary to successful milling to know all about steam and steam engines, or whence the rollers, the grain, the saws or the lumber came, or whither the flour, the deal or the boards may ultimately go, or into what fabric they may settle ; and as in fact successful farming and milling are done without the farmers or millers ever raising these questions—so the great salvation can well proceed in its beneficent work by the application of these practical and personal doctrines of conviction, repentance, faith, pardon, regeneration, sanctification, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, without knowing all about the Eternal counsels and infinite wisdom of God revealed or unrevealed in the past ; or all about the nature of God, or the nature of man ; or all about the certain death and punishment of the incorrigibly wicked under the everlasting government of the Great God ; or all about the glories and felicities in reservation for the righteous in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

It will take neither much thought nor examination to show that these personal and practical doctrines were the power of

primitive Christianity. The apostles of Jesus Christ were neither visionaries, sceptics, idle inquirers, curious questioners, theorizers, nor speculators. They took self-evident things as granted and worked away. The doctrine was good enough for them that proved itself to every sense of the body, every faculty of the mind, and every development in individual life and social and public character. As the schoolboy in this land studying geography does not think it important to prove there is such a country as Canada, with its historical connection with Great Britain, all patent and present facts, so they did not labour to prove the existence of God, and a thousand and one other things behind them. Present and patent facts could not be facts unless those other fundamentals were first true; so upon these fundamentals and their metaphysical connections they did not waste their time. And likely Satan never played the Church a keener trick than deluding it into leaving the power of godliness, and disporting itself with metaphysics and millinery; both of them good in their place, but neither of them the work or trust of the Church of God. As the officer of the British Government, with faith in the honour, power, and perpetuity of the Empire, discharges his duties, lays out his plans for the future, and expects his compensation and merited reward, so the holy apostles and their immediate followers, in imitation of their Lord, applied the truth, suffered for it when necessary, witnessed and experienced its triumphs, and were ever and everywhere joyous in the anticipated fulfilment of its rich and unfailing pledges. Neither past nor future troubled those men very much; but the grand opportunities and prodigious labours and abundant successes of the present. Not vain curiosity, fruitless search, idle inquiry, or empty expectation; not theory or speculation, not wrangling or contention, but mighty blows for truth and righteousness, and for that well attested fact, Jesus Christ, the God-Man, the King of Righteousness and Peace.

In this practical age, this return of the apostolic age, we demand the doctrines that convert men, that save them from sin here and hereafter; but especially *here*. We require that religion, like everything else, should prove itself by its character and works. "Wisdom is justified of her children." Any system that does not make men, and women too, wiser, better, nobler, and happier, is not of God. And religion is that one thing above all others that must have the whole of God at one side of it, as it must have the whole of man on the other side of it. Perfect

God, perfect man ; perfect unity, Jesus Christ is its central life and light, and must flow and shine in every part of it : not old discussions, old contentions, crumbling fortresses, and tumbling ramparts ; but living man, living God, one mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. And then we demand the men that follow Him whithersoever He goeth, over all mountains, and through all valleys, making crooked ways straight, and rough places even ; labouring, toiling, if need be, suffering, developing, cultivating, enriching ; bestowing everywhere the benedictions of peaceful industry ; for He is the Lord of the harvest, and the Prince of Peace.

This subject has a forceful, practical bearing upon the missionary movements of the time, both as to their origin and vigour, and speedy and complete success. To lay their doctrines along the line of genuine soul-saving, world-saving effort, will straighten out the churches. The question is, Which are the doctrines to use to save a man, to save a nation, to save a world ? We say first, to save a man ; for this salvation is not corporate but personal ; not national, but individual ; not ecclesiastical, but spiritual, in the heart and soul of every recipient. And it becomes social, national, ecclesiastical only through the individual ; who may be the more and more easily reached, and more and more readily governed by the cumulative, collective power of the increasing multitude of the regenerate and saved. One man can receive this whole, perfect salvation ; and this whole, perfect salvation can expend all its energies in the one man. Wherefore the doctrines, the principles, the energies that convert the one man are mighty for the renovation of the earth. Now what are these doctrines and principles ? Who is right ? Whose is the right to possess and cultivate the continents ? Let the warring sects answer. Let the Churches answer whose doctrines lie closest along the precious achievement of human salvation.

Are these the mighty dogmas and doctrines that gather men to God in humble, holy, spiritual living ; the dogmas and doctrines held and taught by those who maintain a high and exclusive ecclesiasticism, the proud assumption of priestly office and sacrificial merit, the figment of apostolic succession ; and thereby, figment on figment, the only availing ministerial ordination, and the consequent baptismal regeneration ? How long would it take such doctrines and such a system to save a man, to convert a world ? How much more chance and demonstration does it want ? After all its centuries of opportunity what can it say

for itself? Are these the creeds and teachings with which to go to the heathen? Or shall we go with one special form of baptism or one special mode of the Supper of the Lord? Shall we exalt these as the essentials of salvation or indispensable thereto? Or shall we maintain in the face of the perishing millions that certain ones are decreed from all eternity to be saved, and certain others from all eternity doomed to be lost, independent altogether of their own moral choice and responsible act? Is that a soul-saving doctrine? Shall we so give forth the sovereignty of God as to destroy liberty and responsibility in man? Or so to speak of the freedom of man as to deny the positive sovereignty of God? Shall we propagate the view that all men in any event will be ultimately saved, that Christ is merely a teacher of morals and an example of life, and by no means an atoning sacrifice; that sin after all is not so deadly an ill, but that it may finally be taught out of the world, or exemplified out, or punished out? Are these, any of them, or all of them, the great missionary doctrines, the hope of the conversion of the world?

Who has the right? Who must cultivate continents? The saving doctrines and those out of which they grow, are the doctrines that must endure, and live and work. All others must be let drop, driven off and disappear, no matter how venerable, how cherished. Whosoever falleth on this Stone shall be broken; on whomsoever it shall fall it grindeth him to powder. The doctrines that bring regeneration to the man and renovation to the race, these are the Church's working doctrines. Repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ; the washing of the regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself; on these two commandments hang all; are the inspired simple, sublime summary. What is all this but knowledge of sin and sinfulness, positive knowledge of our guilt, our need, our impurity given us by the Spirit of God; our hearty turning away from sin, our genuine repentance by the grace of God; a Mediator, a Saviour offered by the Father in holy covenant; and our acceptance of that Saviour, that salvation thus offered; our act of trust and faith; then our pardon under the covenant, our adoption and the witness thereof by the Holy Spirit, and our regeneration and the proofs thereof in the fruits of obedience and faithful living; which witness and proofs are the foundation and structure of a knowledge as posi-

tive and decisive as was our knowledge of personal guilt and defilement before salvation. Then our growing knowledge and better understanding of ourselves and of God and of our relations and obligations to Him ; hence our larger, our entire consecration to Him, our full salvation and purity of heart : hence also in our longings for Christlikeness and Christly usefulness, and in our fidelity to covenanted and appointed means, our enduement of power, the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire ; the abiding in Christ, the Christ abiding in us, and the asking what we will and having it done unto us ; the knowing what it is to be guided into all truth, to ask in Jesus' name and have the thing we ask of the Father.

What is the use going to the heathen with any other doctrines than these, maintained in our teaching, enjoyed in our hearts and exemplified in our life ? What is the use of costly ritual, pompous and broad in all ceremony, or narrowed down to one bickering, chilling rite ? How dare we disown the living truth, and dishonour the central Christ in that way ? What is the use of going with a decree that the arbitrarily and eternally elect chosen in their individuality alone shall be saved ? Or that, in the cessation of all law, the contempt of all character, the ruin of all righteousness—certainly, so far as this life is concerned anyway—all men equally, somewhere or other, somehow or other, some place or other, will come into light and bliss ? How dare we so deny the Judge of all the earth, and dethrone the King of grace and goodness that walked in the midst of His people and leadeth the obedient, willing ones by the quiet waters of His love ? What is the use of tactual priestly succession, Papal infallibility, perpetual missal sacrifice, or alleged sacramental grace, human inventions and additions, transient externals ? How dare we so insult the Lord of Life and Glory in His own temple and effectually expel Him from His own seat ? Surely the world has long enough been befooled with these assumptions and pretensions ; with these mazes of speculation—philosophy falsely so called, these labyrinths of darkness and unbelief. “Where is the wise ? Where is the scribe ? Where is the disputer of this world ? Hath not God made the foolish the wisdom of this world ?”

Hath He not demonstrated in the first centuries of the Christian era ; and then by contrast with an intervening fifteen hundred years, in this last century which are the working, the mighty, the effective, the triumphant doctrines of our holy faith ? Is it not repentance toward God and faith toward our

Lord Jesus Christ, with all of spiritual instruction, covenanted grace, and sacrificial merit leading up thereto; and all of the same abounding covenanted grace enwombed therein, bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and the resplendent glories of holiness? Surely the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men. When shall the universal Church have learned this? Is not her one aim the salvation of the race? Then why doth she not see? Why doth she not know? Why doth she not understand? Are her eyes indeed holden that she cannot see? Is her spirit darkened that she cannot understand? When shall she arise and shine, all clad in pure and bright array, her light having come and the glory of the Lord having risen upon her? This is the burden of our prayer, that she come to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Again, the consideration of this subject indicates how and where the Church of God shall find her unity, her union of effort, if not organization, her co-operation in the Lord's work. While contending about the nature and relation of Father, Son, and Spirit, men will find enough to divide them in the very incomprehensibleness of the theme. Why not take what is plainly revealed, and work on? Why quarrel over what they do not and cannot understand? While discussing the Church, her policy and government, her constitution, powers and functions, captious souls, and even honest souls, can find differences of view over which to wrangle and lose all love and grace. Why not do, as do plain men in the affairs of life, use the implement to hand and achieve results, and not spend all the time in picking the implement or agent to pieces to see how it is made? "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." While arguing which are the sacraments and what is the use of them; what is a call and ordination to the ministry, whence does it descend, what does it carry and how long does it last; how much of salvation is divine, decreed, governmental, and universal, and how much is human, of choice, obedience and fidelity; oppositions, strife, wrath, hatred, variance, swellings and tumults may arise—do arise, banishing love out of the heart and light out of the mind, turning into enemies those that should be friends, and lifting up the clamours and strifes of war, where should perpetually roll the anthems of peace and abide the charity and good will of saints.

Of such fruitless, wasting, distressing strifes surely the world

has had enough. It ought to be known by this time what doctrines have the ground ; which save men from sin and advance the kingdom of truth and righteousness. "Believe and be saved ;" "Preach Christ ;" "Jesus and the resurrection ;" "Be filled with the Spirit." We ought to know by this time what these things mean ; what must precede them, stand under them, out of which they grow, dwell in them, proceed from them, arise out of them, crowning them with strength, shaking like Lebanon and showing their inexhaustibleness and fertility. Must the ages still to come be ages of division and controversy ; or ages of unity, peace, work and salvation ? Face to face with Paganism, Christianity ought to learn a lesson. Face to face with Romanism, a dissevered, distracted Protestantism ought to have read history enough to be instructed, have accumulated experience enough to be prudent and discerning, and to have studied Scripture enough to be wise.

In this paper we have been continually mindful of these two things : first, that the doctrines we have called the Church's working doctrines do not stand alone, but have their vital, essential and eternal connections with immovable doctrines and immutable principles, that precede and underlie them in logical order ; and with other glorious doctrines and results that necessarily and graciously flow out from them in time and through all eternity ; and second, that there are times and places when and where these fundamental doctrines and principles must be persistently and piously maintained ; for, as the rocks and the mountains are the base and the life of the soil and the support of its cultivation, so are the fundamental principles of true theology and religion the base and vigour of all working, spiritual, saving doctrines. To corrupt one is to destroy the other. But two other things also we have had as continually in mind : first, that hundreds of fruitless and vain discussions have by sin, error and pride been forced upon the Church of God, darkening her word and diverting her work, having little or no reference to her fundamental principles ; and second, that we live in a day when we have tested and do know what are the Church's working doctrines, and we are, therefore, in duty bound to lay aside futile contentions and apply these glorious doctrines to the salvation of the race. The Church that fails to do this, must fail to be the Church, or, of the Church of Jesus Christ. This is her stamp of divinity ; these are her high credentials before a fallen world.

HALF-HOURS IN AN ASYLUM.

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

THE daily life of the insane in our asylums is a reasonable sequel of study to what has been written in respect to the history, mental capacity, literature, and skill of this afflicted class of our fellow-beings. The idea, once so prevalent, of isolation, cells, unnecessary restraint, and multiform cruelty in respect to the custody and treatment of the insane has now become a part of ancient history. When the enlightened knowledge dawned upon Christendom that insanity was always a physical disease, and of necessity the brain as an instrument out of tune, then medical science in its beneficence was allowed to exercise its skill. The question of cure was in the physician's hands. The means adopted to restore to its normal condition the affected and afflicted brain were those similar to the remedies employed to restore to health any other part of the body. Fresh air, sunlight, cleanliness, personal comfort as far as possible, pleasant surroundings, amusements, congenial occupation, regular hours and wholesome food, are now our sheet-anchors as curative agents.

Medicine has an important place in restoring tone and vitality to a depressed body, which is throwing out signals of distress, but its power and efficacy are subsidiary to the all-potent recuperative agency of nature. Without the remedies in our bodies, which are our reserves to be called upon at any time to fill a breach, our best medical skill would avail but little. We are co-workers—but not originators of healing energy. Without this *vis medicatrix nature*, our efforts, however skilfully and intelligently exercised, would be a broken reed to lean upon. This statement is also true in all our treatment of the sane, as all legally qualified physicians know, that their best efforts are often rendered futile through the ignorance or neglect of nurses or friends in these respects. Hygiene, dietetics and sanitation are the handmaidens of legitimate medicine. Formerly many of the insane came to us tied with ropes—as we see animals in the butchers' shambles—wearing strait jackets, or with ulcered ankles and wrists from wearing irons, for months at a time. These were not malicious or in-

tended cruelties, but were thought to be indispensable to the safety of patients or friends. The public have the mistaken notion that all the insane must, of necessity, be dangerous, while experience shows that, as a rule, the converse is the condition of things. The education of the public out of a settled belief of anything of the kind is always slow. The words *maniac*, *madman*, *demoniac*, and *raving lunatic*, have done much mischief by producing wrong impressions, and, by having no just meaning when applied to a majority of the insane.

Let me now give a glimpse of the daily life of the occupants of our wards. The Toronto asylum is an example of many others conducted in the same way. In the first place, the hour of rising is six o'clock a.m. in the summer and 6.30 a.m. in the winter; the time of going to bed ranges from 6.30 to nine in the evening. This gives the well from nine to ten hours to be in bed on the average. A large number of the patients will make their own beds, tidy up their own rooms, wash and dress themselves, and tenderly assist other patients who may be mentally incompetent or too feeble to do so. It would astonish outside people to see how efficiently some patients will go to work to wash and dress others who are very stupid or excited. Of course, such help is under the supervision of the nurses. Many of these improvised insane nurses, are however thoroughly reliable, and take a pitying interest in their less favoured fellow-sufferers. They render excellent service in this way.

All the rooms are made presentable, as well as are the patients, every morning by 9.30. The regular medical inspection takes place at 10 a.m., when every sitting-room, bedroom, dining-room, closet, bath-room and stair is examined. All of the 705 patients are seen, and the sick inspected and prescribed for at the same time. The medical officers report to me daily in writing, the condition of the wards, the patients, the sick, and any other circumstance worthy of notice. Each ward has a supervisor, who is directly responsible to the steward and the assistant-matron, in respect to the proper discharge of duty, of all attendants in the male and female wards respectively. Every patient is seen by the medical officers every day, at least two regular visits are made daily by some of the staff to all the wards, and my unexpected visits are made in addition to these. Scarcely a day passes in which three or more visits are not required to be made in the interest of the sick, the excited and the melancholy. The Superintendent's visits are never announced. He goes into the

wards at all hours, night and day, and is required to be vigilant and unsparing, where neglect, roughness to patients or severity is seen or discovered, after a prompt and searching examination at the time and on the spot. Black sheep are found in every large flock, but when the colour is detected, no excuse saves from instant dismissal. The testimony of reliable patients is taken, if any corroborative evidence is found. Of course, the story of any patient, who is full of delusions, especially of persecution, has to be taken with due caution, lest injustice might be done to an honest and faithful servant.

With the exception of a few suicidal and homicidal patients, knives and forks, as well as spoons, are used by all the patients in every dining-room. The ordinary crockery is used instead of tinware. The former method of making up a disgusting mess of all the different varieties of food into one dish, and allowing only the spoon or merely the fingers to eat with, was far from appetizing. Such an unsavoury mixture has been mostly done away with, and such patients are coaxed and retaught to eat with knife and fork. In this way a sense of decency and neatness has been inculcated, which leads many back to former habits. Not only so, but the food served up on delf for themselves to cut up, mix and season, is not only more toothsome, but is also to many demented a mental training.

Of course, a majority of the insane need no such teaching, as the larger number are quite capable of eating with quietness and decorum. I have often seen less cleanliness, neatness and propriety at the repasts of the public than are shown at our tables. No reference is here made to the selfish and swinish rush seen on crowded steamboats or at railway eating-houses, where the animal nature crops up offensively, especially if there are more eaters than plates. The insane go into dining-rooms by the dozens at a time, with good appetites, yet few of the many hundreds forget their manners even at their meals. The taste is seldom blunted. It does not take many of them long to detect robust butter, sour bread, overdone meat, underdone potatoes, weak tea and coffee, suspicious ham and eggs, not to hint at doughy pie crust, or tough puddings. I hear the verdicts at once, and usually a truthful recital of these exceptional conditions is sarcastically brought to my notice by some epicure.

It may be interesting to many were I here to give our ordinary daily bill of fare. Of course, on holidays, such as Christmas, New Year and Easter, not to mention our annual ball, we

provide turkeys, plum-pudding, pastries, ham and eggs, confections and such like. These are our feast-days, and most adult citizens would envy the voracious appetites and sturdy digestion manifested on such red-letter days in our calendar.

The following is the regular diet roll:

BREAKFAST.

Pay Wards.

Monday.....	Tea, Coffee, Toast, Porridge, Cold Meat.
Tuesday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Salt Herrings and Porridge.
Wednesday..	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Beefsteak and Porridge.
Thursday....	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Ham and Porridge.
Friday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fresh Fish and Porridge.
Saturday	Tea, Coffee, Toast, Porridge, Cold Meat.
Sunday.....	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Beefsteak and Porridge.

Free Wards.

Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.
Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.
Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.
Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.
Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.
Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.
Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Porridge.

DINNER.

Monday.....	Corn Beef, Cabbage, Pickles, Rice Pudding, Potatoes or Beans.	Corn Beef, Cabbage, Boiled Rice, Potatoes or Beans.
Tuesday	Roast Beef, Potatoes, Beets or Parsnips, Apple Pudding, Pickles or Sauce.	Boiled Meat, Soup, Potatoes, Boiled Rice.
Wednesday..	Irish Stew, Potatoes, Sago Pudding, Pickles or Sauce.	Irish Stew, Potatoes, Boiled Rice.
Thursday....	Meat Pie, Potatoes, Beets, Jam Pudding, Pickles or Sauce.	Boiled Meat, Soup, Potatoes, Boiled Rice.
Friday	Fish, Meat, Soup, Potatoes, Bread Pudding, Pickles or Sauce.	Meat Pie, Fish, Potatoes, Beets, Boiled Rice.
Saturday	Roast Meat, Potatoes, Cabbage, Rice Pudding, Pickles or Sauce.	Meat, Soup, Potatoes, Boiled Rice.
Sunday	Roast Meat, Potatoes, Beets or Parsnips, Plum Pudding, Pickles or Sauce.	Boiled Meat, Soup, Potatoes, Boiled Rice, Plum Pudding every third Sunday.

TEA.

Monday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fruit or Pies.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter.
Tuesday	Tea, Coffee, Bread Butter, Cakes.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Syrup.
Wednesday..	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fruit or Pies.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter.
Thursday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fruit or Pies.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter.

	<i>Pay Wards</i>	<i>Free Wards.</i>
Friday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Cakes.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Roast or Stewed Apples.
Saturday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fruit or Pies.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter.
Sunday	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fruit or Pies.	Tea, Coffee, Bread, Butter, Fruit, Cheese or Pies.

Any one who has looked over the dietary of about forty years ago will be struck with the variety in the above mentioned list, and the meagre changes then permitted. The quantity is abundant, and the cooking by steam is such as to suit any reasonable person, not to mention a fastidious taste. The sick list dietary includes such extras as milk, eggs, chicken and fruit.

At the summer picnics on the grounds about 400 are treated to extras, consisting of tea, coffee, cakes, tarts, sandwiches, strawberries and cream, with prizes in candies to those who are winners in all kinds of extemporized games. There is always instrumental music to enliven the proceedings. Some of the light-hearted take advantage of this "to trip the light fantastic toe" with old-time celerity. Those who are not able to go out upon the lawn receive their portion of the good things in the wards. At the annual ball, which is given about Christmas time, a supper is supplied, which, in abundance and variety, would do credit to any well-to-do farmer's larder. Easter, Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day, and Thanksgiving Day are duly celebrated by at least an extra dietary and sometimes various festivities, such as the ingenious among us may devise. We endeavour to have such fixed landmarks during the year to which our patients can look forward. During the winter months our dances on Friday evening commence at 7 p.m. and end at 9.30 p.m. It need scarcely be said that patients of both sexes—as a rule—behave well and are as polite and considerate to one another as are the members of a well regulated family. Only the best mentally are allowed this enjoyment and recreation. They appreciate the privilege, and feel they are honoured in the selection. It is a great incentive to good behaviour; none know better than they that the release is conditional on good behaviour. It need not be added that patients are not allowed to indulge in the Frenchified and licentious round dances, which are so fashionable among those members of polite society who glory in verging as near as possible on the indecent in dress and dance.

The city church choirs and other friends very kindly give

us, during the winter months, concerts, operas, stereopticon exhibitions and plays of different kinds, which help to pass away pleasantly and profitably many long winter evenings. These relieve very much the monotony of ward life to attendants, as well as to those more unfortunate. The patients are very much like the sane, in being fond of the humorous and absurd. They see the points, and laugh heartily at the incongruous and ridiculous. They pick up at once local hits at well-known celebrities, and discriminate critically the poor singer or reciter from those better endowed with vocal gifts or histrionic talents. Our visiting friends are not only astonished at the good order of our audiences, but also at the appreciation and discrimination manifested.

The utmost encouragement is given to those who are well physically and willing to work. It is better to prevent mental dwarfage and stagnation by urging upon the competent the stimulation of labour. I show the necessity of wearing out rather than rusting into uselessness and inertia. About sixty per cent. are constantly employed. Many of the men do all kinds of farm and garden work. They assist the engineer, the carpenter, the mason, the tailor, the cook, and the firemen. The women, under the direction of the seamstress, or the supervision of the attendants, make their own clothing, knit, quilt, and do fancy-work of many kinds. We encourage to any work, useful, or even useless, rather than see any form of torpor. All work, however mechanical, needs more or less of attention, and of sustained concentration of thought. The efforts put forth are stimulants and tonics to the diseased mind. This is true of any moral or intellectual effort, for "labour is life." We see the benefit more pronounced in those who are afflicted with profound melancholy, and who distressingly focalize their minds upon themselves and their fancied troubles. They feel continuously as the insane poet wrote of himself and of his mental anguish :

" There is a winter in my soul,
The winter of despair ;
Oh, when shall spring its rage control ?
When shall the snow-drop blossom there ?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away.
Thus northern lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to day."

It is much gained to be able by work to turn such a gloomy and sluggish stream of morbid thought into a new channel, on which light can turn its sunny glints, even for one brief hour at a time. Work also helps those who have delusions. We are able in this way to divert the mind away from the morbid fancies, as experience shows that the evil is only deepened and intensified by making vain efforts to reason it away. To all such diseased minds these vagaries are facts, as much as if they were entities about which there could be no doubt. What is to any one a self-evident fact cannot be reasoned away by argument.

Among the most troublesome patients in the wards are those who have perverted habits. The members of one class revel in attempting to be personally filthy, even those who were formerly noted for cleanliness and tidiness in dress when in their natural state. They love now to besmear themselves with any dirt they can procure, irrespective of the law of selection. The more foul it is, the more eagerly it is utilized. This class is the very bane of nurses. On the other hand, we have the scrupulously clean. Such have a mania for bathing and washing themselves. The least speck of uncleanness on the person puts them in torture, and even when there is none, the vivid imagination conjures up its presence. Their delight would be to live in a bath-tub, and their greatest happiness is in the possession of soap, water, towels, and in the opportunity to use them on their bodies. Their diseased fancies see filth in clean beds, on the walls, and furniture; were such permitted to do so, they would scrub daily and with untiring industry everything they could lay their hands upon.

A third class is composed of those who have an irresistible impulse to steal. It is not merely the desire to steal only certain kinds of articles, as is seen in the uniform selections of the *kleptomaniac*, but it is an overpowering longing to steal anything without any respect as to its value and utility. I have seen these persons hide in their mattresses and out of the way places with great cunning, miscellaneous collections of such articles as cups, saucers, straws, sticks, rags, meat, pies, cakes, scrubbing brushes, or any other portable things they can easily carry unseen about their persons. A short time ago, a patient who assisted to sweep and dust my office suddenly developed this acquisitive propensity. One morning I lost a Latin dictionary, an English dictionary, a clothes brush, and a paper

weight. The loss was detected at once. All the articles were found in the insane pilferer's straw mattress. She was only a type of that class, and, as is often found to be the case, she was a most zealous reader of religious books and a reprover of any detected sinners who were found transgressing by word or action in the ward. From her ethical standpoint these misappropriations of her own had no elements of wrong in them. These *take-alls* do not see themselves as others see them. In this respect they are not unique, unless society is very much maligned.

A fourth class has in its members those who are the incarnation of every form of teasing and annoyance. They study the most effective way to rouse the temper and anger not only of the nurses, but also of their fellow-patients. Their methods are a legion of devices. In comparison to them the sane excitants of deviltry might "pale their ineffectual fires." The scathing irony, the biting sarcasm, the jeers and gibes, the practical jokes, the "malice aforethought," are some of the methods they adopt to irritate and annoy those they hate, and even sometimes those they have affection for in a general way. Their diversified plans and diplomacy would fill a book with interesting reading were they narrated to the public. These tendencies, impulses and manias, which take the form of being as disagreeable as possible, are only manifestations in another form of diseased feeling to do mischief without respect to the comfort of others. I do not wonder our superstitious forefathers thought such a person was possessed of a devil, or that his Satanic majesty occasionally located a whole family of imps in such. It was a very natural deduction to draw, judging the acts of these mischief-makers solely from their conduct. These are the terror of asylums, and in this fact they pride themselves.

It is very striking to see how perverted instincts, emotions and affections are so often intermingled with devotion of a religious nature. Such will pray with great fervour and becoming reverence at one time, and then, without any provocation, break out at another time in oaths and obscene oburgations, so profuse and venomous as to shock the most hardened sinner in the wards. Did all these extreme cases come from homes of vice and drunkenness, we would not wonder at the outbreak of these opposites of blessing and cursing. But many of such come from homes of refinement, in which religious influences prevail. We wonder where they ever

heard the blasphemy and obscenity. It is possible, that temporarily forgotten phrases heard in the school playground, in the street, or in travels, may have been resuscitated from the pigeon-holes of memory.

There is one feature of many of the chronic insane which is often noticeable, and shows how many of them return in tastes and conduct to the more primitive condition of childhood. The fantastic dress pleases them, the more pronounced the colours are the better they are pleased; tinsel, toys, and playthings of all kinds are the delight of many of the class who have entered, as it were, into a premature second infancy and childishness. Of course, large numbers have as keen an appreciation as ever of the fitness of things and of those which indicate taste in colour and its blending. They often select and group together those tints which are complements of one another with old-time judgment; these do not belong to that class of elements who are low down in the scale of diseased mentality. It is worthy of remark that many of the chronic class of the insane have notions in common with children and adult savages. The appetite for sweets, the delight in trinkets, the love of many and highly-coloured hues in fabrics, the silly personal adornments, the highest enjoyment in the frivolous and the comparative indifference as to future contingencies are common to all. The wild Indian, the uncivilized Negro, the semi-imbecile Patagonian, and the Australian aborigines have their counterpart in keen instincts, low cunning, paramount animalism and overt tendencies to crime as we see in some classes of the insane, who have degenerated from their first estate because of disease. The former classes have never developed into the full stature of manhood, the latter class have degenerated towards the lower stage of their primitive condition; the former is a dwarfage, and the latter is a destructive, process. The result is analogous as far as the moral, the mental, and the emotional natures are concerned. In the immature mind there is the potentiality of development in the future, but in so many of the brain-stricken we see written in every signal of distress the ominous verdict, "Never more."

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
The whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—*Tennyson.*

MACDONALD'S LIFE OF DR. PUNSHON.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

IV.

ON the third of June, 1872, Dr. Punshon landed in Liverpool, and resumed again his citizenship and his ministry in England, his native land which he loved with a passionate affection that "many waters could not quench."

His first appearance was in London, in the old City Road Chapel, where he preached on a Tuesday afternoon, in aid of the liquidation of the debt on Westminster Chapel. The collection on this occasion was the largest ever made in a Methodist chapel in England, amounting to £2,079—over \$10,000. On the 17th of June he was permitted to rebuild his home, and was married by his friend, Rev. Gervase Smith, to Miss Mary Foster, "the friend of many years, and of the dead." He adds, "For this great mercy I desire to render thanks to a merciful God." He could not live without a home, and in his wife he found an affection deep and enduring, and a ready helpful sympathy, which he sorely needed, and which were an unspeakable comfort to him during the remainder of his life.

The Conference appointed him to Warwick Gardens, Kensington, a circuit with but one chapel. After a position for five years of such high distinction and commanding influence, his new sphere must have seemed cramped and limited, but he had abundance of work on his hands, as he was also chairman of a London district.

Early in February, 1874, Dr. and Mrs. Punshon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gervase Smith, visited Italy, going as far south as Naples. The dream of his life was realized in seeing Rome. Through "a struggling moonbeam's misty light" he visited the Colosseum, and "climbed its steep staircases, lost in wonder and awe, and haunted with visions of the ancient world." The Arch of Titus, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, the temples and columns, the Seven Hills, with their endless associations, the galleries and museums of sculpture, all are visited and minutely described; and he closes by recording his gladness "at the opportunity to declare in the Eternal City the gospel of the grace of God."

From Rome he journeyed to Naples, with its inexhaustible

beauties, its wonderful suburbs—ancient and modern—its magnificent bay with islands rising like palaces out of the sea, the girdling mountains, with Vesuvius, a “pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.”

On his return home, he continued in unintermitting labour until the Conference in July. His public engagements were many and heavy. During the first seven months of this year he lectured thirty times, and spoke frequently at missionary meetings, but he was limiting himself to not more than a single service on a single day.

Of such immense popularity, his administrative powers trained and strengthened by his service in Canada, it was generally considered certain that he would be elected President of the Conference. And when the Conference of 1874 assembled in Cambourne, on the 29th of July, by an overwhelming majority of votes he was raised to the highest position in English Methodism.

On taking the chair, in the course of his address, among other things, with characteristic modesty, he said :

“I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I were not to express my sense of the kindness of those whose votes have placed me here. Although I humble myself before God in the presence of my brethren, I feel that ever since He called me into this ministry I have had one mark of discipleship—I have loved the brethren. My heart has gone out after them with an ardour which many waters could not quench. I have longed for their esteem as I have never longed for worldly treasure, and as a mark of your regard and confidence in me, this election to-day is a tribute more precious than gold. Of my manifold infirmities I feel a great deal more than I shall say ; but I remember a saying of one of my distinguished predecessors in this office, that every office has its perquisites, and that the perquisites of this particular office are the prayers of the brethren.” Pp. 402-3.

The year of his Presidency was severe, on account of its great exertions and heavy cares. He had reached the highest point in his public life, but his health suffered from the effects of continuous sessions of committees, and exhausting connexional labours—the Hymn Book was revised and enlarged, Lay Representation was being discussed, and other great questions affecting the future of the Church.

A letter written to me during his Presidential year shows how incessant were his activities :

MY DEAR FRIEND,—All the fulness of the Advent and New Year's blessings to you and yours. May the skies rain down the benediction

from the upper and nether springs. I can't make you understand how difficult it is to find a moment this year for the claims of friendly correspondence, but I beg you not to imagine that my memory of Canada and the "elect" Canadians has cooled, because so few letters find their way thither. Every morning brings me some difficult letters to answer—generally a dozen or more, and by the time they are despatched the morning is gone. Then committees come sometimes in battalions, and all the country cries out to see the President now and then, and so my life is busy, and my friends are defrauded of their letters. Lately we have had an anxious house. You would hear that I had been ill. Since my recovery J. W. came home from Cambridge, ill with ulcerated throat and with rheumatic fever. He went back very feeble on Saturday, and to-day the examinations for the Tripos begin. I am not sure that he will be able to go in, and fear he will have to take an "egrotat" degree. Anyhow he cannot do himself justice.

Yours very affectionately,

W. M. PUNSHON.

The vacancy in the Missionary Secretaryship, caused by Dr. Wiseman's death, was filled by the appointment of Dr. Punshon. The work was congenial to him, and for it he was pre-eminently fitted. He had, from the day he entered the ministry, given the cause of missions his eloquent advocacy. His life on both hemispheres had been identified with all the missionary movements of his Church. He had, perhaps, more than any other man in British Methodism, come into contact with missionary work and missionary workers of every kind. The brilliancy of his endowments were not more distinguished than his ability in administration; for he was diligent, systematic, practical, and his heart and mind were prolific in measures for the prosperity and enlargement of the Society's operations. This office he held for the remainder of his life; and, as Mr. Macdonald justly observes, it was the fitting climax of his life's work.

During the year of his ex-Presidency, the minds of the English Wesleyans were greatly agitated on the question of Lay Representation in the Annual Conference. The momentous question was to be decided at the Nottingham Conference.

Dr. Punshon, whose mind had been broadened by being "abroad," saw nothing but good in the association of laymen and ministers together, in a representative conference, for the transaction of business of administration and finance, which had been committed hitherto to the mixed "Committees of Review." The consensus of feeling and sentiment, in favour of the change, throughout the connexion was wonderful; but a formidable opposition to it was developed, supported "by the learning and rare personal authority" of Dr. Pope, and the un-

rivalled constitutional knowledge and debating power of Dr. Osborne.

The debate, which was opened by Dr. Punshon, with a resolution in favour of Lay Representation, lasted four days. Dr. Osborne, the Nestor of the Conference, rallied all the opposing forces, and with his old-time power and ingenuity, and a mastery of assault, well nigh irresistible, made his memorable speech on the third day, but it did not carry conviction, and when the debate was brought to a close on the following day, by Dr. Punshon, in a masterly speech, cogent and mighty in argument, pungent and keen-edged in wit, happy in illustration, sunshiny, and full of good-temper throughout, he carried everything before him, and his resolution affirming the principle of Lay Representation, was carried by 369 votes to 49, a majority of over 300. In a letter written to me shortly after, the full contents of which I cannot give, because of its many personal allusions, he says:

"We had a splendid debate on Lay Representation. I moved the resolution which affirmed the principle. We had no idea of winning so decisively. We quite expected a minority of 150 or 200. In the earlier part of the discussion, the issue, though not doubtful, was critical, as to the nature of the division. After Dr. Osborne's speech, we felt that if we only kept our tempers we were all right. Olver had been kept in waiting for Osborne. That was the only little bit of arrangement that we had. It was a time of much solicitude and prayer. And wasn't it a grand thing that, when the vote was announced, 369 against 49, it was received by the winners in thankful silence, not a cheer, not a vaunt; all felt it too solemn for that. Our committee on details meets the first week in February. We still need much wisdom. Pray that it may be given us. I will order the *Recorder* for you. The *briefs* are commonly mine, *i.e.*, the leaderlets after the large leaders. I edit it, but I have so large a staff that I can scarcely get time or room to write much myself."

In March, he started for Italy, to recruit his shattered energies, and visit the mission churches on the continent. He preached in Paris and in Rome; saw something of the work in Spezzia, Bologna, and Padua, and was deeply interested with the efforts made to rescue Italy for Christ. In his journal, on his return, he records the fact, "No fewer than seven ministers have been called away since I left home. The day wanes, and there is much work to be done."

It was the tolling of the bell of time, telling him that another and another had gone on before, and that while the day lasted for work, his hands must not slack.

Trouble and suffering were plentifully strewn along his path,

pain and distress were knocking loudly at the door. Yet he was still the indefatigable worker, and none realized that his brilliant and useful career was approaching so sudden a termination. But the night was drawing near. Still he wrought on strenuously and unceasingly.

The biographer estimates that he lectured no less than 650 times, to audiences ranging from 500 to 5,000 persons, and that in this way he raised \$250,000 or \$300,000, for various branches of Christian work; besides giving a mental and moral stimulus to tens of thousands of persons brought under the sway of his commanding eloquence.

In May, he set out for Germany, to visit the missions, and transact important business on behalf of the Society. In June, he accompanied Dr. Pope, the President, to the Irish Conference, which met in Dublin; and at the first Representative Conference, entered heartily into the proposed scheme for the Thanksgiving Fund. The rest of the year was given to the advocacy of this movement, which, under the vigorous and unfaltering leadership of Dr. Rigg, the Conference President, was carried to a triumphant issue. It was proposed to raise a million dollars. The actual amount raised was nearly a million and a half dollars.

The following summer, accompanied by Mrs. Punshon and Mr. and Mrs. May, of Clifton, he renewed his acquaintance with the snow-clad Alps, drinking in the majesty and beauty of mountain scenery. But he suffered from sleeplessness, prostration, loss of appetite, and nervous fears.

The last Conference he attended, the Conference of 1880, met in old City Road Chapel, London. The year closed in weariness and anxiety over his eldest son, John William, who was sinking in consumption. Still, oppressed with anxieties, painful apprehensions, there was no respite from the labours and duties of his administration. He toiled at the desk, sat in committees, travelled, preached and lectured, as few men in the most robust health could have done. "Besides fulfilling his manifold duties at the Mission House, he preached sixty-five times during the year, visiting almost every part of England; lectured thirty-five times, and addressed no less than sixty-one public meetings, most of them on behalf of the Missionary Society."

On January 26th, 1881, his journal records:

"Another stroke has fallen. I am again bereft. My first-born son, the

object of so many fond hopes, deep anxieties, and fervent prayers, died at Bournemouth to-night, at 6.45. May this sorrow move me to a deeper and holier consecration. My Lord and Saviour, Thou who hast redeemed me and mine, four of whom I trust are now with Thee, hear and accept my vow."

The writer reached London in impaired health, about the time of Dr. Punshon's bereavement, and wrote to him at Bristol, where he was spending a few days with his chosen friends, the Mays, intimating his intention of crossing the Mediterranean to visit Egypt and the Holy Land. He replied, suggesting a quiet stay in the South of England for six weeks or so, and then a journey with him to the Pyrenees and the South of France. At any rate, he insisted that I should not start for the East until his return to London. Accordingly I delayed, spending a few days with our noble friend, Rev. Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson, of the "Children's Home," Bonner Road. And when on Saturday, the 5th of February, I went over to Brixton, I found Dr. and Mrs. Punshon at home, and awaiting my coming. He gave me a most tender and cordial welcome. I noticed his worn and shattered aspect, and he was saddened by grief. His physicians had insisted upon his taking rest, and I began to urge him to accompany me to Jerusalem. His spirit kindled at the thought, and we began to plan our journey; but, as Senior Secretary, he assumed the full responsibility of the Mission-house; as Deputy Treasurer he was harrassed and embarrassed with slow returns from the circuits, and was fretting and fearful lest the income would fall below the expected amount, and so he concluded that he could not possibly be spared until the accounts of the year should be closed, a month or two later. Accordingly, we arranged that he should meet me in Rome, on my return from the Holy Land, and that we would take Northern Italy and Switzerland together. Those were rare and delightful days spent at Tranby, the recollection of them is a most cherished possession.

The evenings were spent in his study, the bright and cheerful centre of his home-life, where we chatted with his wife and fond niece, Miss Edith Gresham, to whom he was the one object of love and devotion; examined his rare collection of autographs and treasures of cabinets and albums, and always, before retiring, we had long conversations about the work in Canada and friends and workers there. He had a royal faculty for remembering names and identifying ministers. We would go

over the roll of the Conferences, and mark where death had thinned the ranks. He seemed to have a personal acquaintance with each minister of the Conference over which he used to preside, and would enquire after the success, not only of the more prominent, but of the more slenderly gifted and obscure. He was singularly free from unkind or uncharitable speech; and while incapable of detraction, he tried to recognize everything that was good in each. Especially did he inquire after the character and qualifications of the younger ministers, and who were likely to make their mark in the future.

How sincere and unaffected was his love for the brethren. His signal greatness was in his character rather than in his transcendent gifts—his truth, his goodness, his modesty and humility, his deep spiritual sympathies, the living earnestness and sincerity of the man.

“His heart was pure and simple as a child’s
Unbreathed on by the world; in friendship warm,
Confiding, generous, constant.”

A week of refined and genial hospitality soon passed; and on Saturday, September 12th, I saw him off to Walsall, where he had an engagement to preach on the Sabbath, and myself took the train for Dover. We parted, expecting to meet in Rome.

And this brings us to the last entry recorded in that journal, so faithfully kept for twenty-five years. Biography is intensely personal, but these journal extracts have certainly given a gloom and sadness to the story of Dr. Punshon’s life. For while they reveal the intensity of his religious emotions and convictions and the depth and reality of his inward spiritual life, they also show a brooding introspection and self-anatomizing that is unhealthy.

Knowing something of the firmness of his faith, the strength and beauty of his Christian character, the genial, helpful, sunshiny influence of his piety, one can only account for these morbid elements which mar the records, from the circumstance that they were written during intervals of repose after the most exhausting exertions and at times of enforced pauses from sickness and bereavement; and though they are the outpourings of his deepest and most inward experiences, yet they have caught the sombre tinge of his own immediate environments. Bear in mind, also, that the feelings expressed are more for God’s eye than for man’s, and that this self-scrutiny, to which

he subjected himself, was conducted as in the presence of the Searcher of hearts. His piety was virile and cheerful. His popularity never spoiled him in the least, he was genial and gleeful as a child ; and the sorrows which eclipsed his life, for the graves of his household were in both hemispheres, never turned the sweetness of life into gall and bitterness. He was not a melancholy man.

Here is the closing entry in his journal, upon which I looked with tearful eyes the day after the funeral, when Mrs. Punshon opened his private drawer.

The entry was made February 20th, a few days after his return from Walsall, where he had been taken, in the middle of the night, with sudden and alarming illness, and was unable to preach on Sunday :

“ My health is suffering much from reaction, after my long suspense and recent sorrow. Went last week to Walsall, to fulfil an engagement, and had so sharp an attack that I was unable to preach, and now am enjoined absolute rest for some time. I feel all the symptoms of declining health—am much thinner ; my digestive apparatus is entirely out of order, and there is a fearful amount of nervous exhaustion. I am in the Lord’s hands, and in my best moments, can trust Him with myself for life or death. But I am weak and frail. My languor makes me fretful, and my unquiet imagination often disturbs my faith. I feel that I must go softly. I should like, if it be the Lord’s will, to serve the Church of my affection yet for ten or twelve years ; but He knows what is best, and will bring it about. Oh ! for a simpler and more constant trust—a trust which confides my all, present and future, into my Father’s care.”

About the same date he wrote to me a letter, which I received in Jerusalem, saying that he had had at Walsall a sharp attack of the old trouble of difficulty of breathing, accompanied with great disturbance of the heart’s action ; and that he would start with his wife and son, Percy, about the first of March, on his proposed trip to the south of France. On the 3rd of March the party left London, spent a few days in Paris and journeyed southward, lingering on the way at Lyons, Avignon, and Nîmes. They reached Cannes on the 16th, where he had an interview with his life-long friend, Rev. Wm. Arthur, and they talked together about the Missions, the Connexion, the coming Œcumenical Conference, and the interests of the work of God throughout the world. Mrs. Arthur accompanied him on an excursion on the Estérel mountains, and they visited the potteries at *Vallauris*, and watched the process of manufacturing in porcelain. As they noted the potter evolve out of his

lump of clay form after form, Dr. Punshon's eyes were all suffused with tears, and he repeated in tones they could never forget the lines :

"Mould as thou wilt the passive clay."

He was being moulded the "passive clay," and fashioned a "vessel of honour" to adorn the palace of the King. On the 22nd they started to drive from Nice over the beautiful road to Mentone, but, owing to blasts of winds and clouds of dust, they had to turn back and take the train. That night, at Mentone, he had an attack of unusual severity, the heart disturbance and difficulty in breathing being aggravated by bronchial congestion. He had sent me a message to Rome, that owing to his health, he could not journey further south than Florence, and I was to meet him in the City of Flowers. From his attack at Mentone he recovered sufficiently to proceed as far as Genoa, and there he grew worse. At Florence I received a telegram, asking me to come to him at once. I found him alarmingly ill. His usual medical attendant, Dr. Hill, of London, was telegraphed for, and on his arrival, the weary invalid expressed a longing to turn his face homeward. He had a presentiment that he should not recover, and he desired, if it were God's will, that he should not die in a foreign land. He bore the five hours' journey to Turin fairly well, but complained of pain at the back of his lungs. As the night of the Sabbath descended, his agony became well nigh insupportable.

The passage over the Alps, amid the magnificent mountain scenery, which he loved so much, acted as a tonic, and he was alert to catch the ever-varying aspects of nature, although his sadly tender bearing suggested the most painful forebodings to those whose eyes wistfully followed his every movement. As the evening came on, though weary with the day's ride, he decided to go on to Paris, and oppressed and restless, he yet sat in the railway carriage through the long tiresome hours. In the gray of the morning, chill and damp, the patient sufferer rode through the streets of the French capital to the hotel, to which we had telegraphed for rooms. After a day's rest he came to London, reached his much-loved Tranby, walked straight into his study, and with a smile of happy restful satisfaction, bade me lead in prayer and thanksgiving to God for the long journey safely accomplished. His mind at rest, surrounded by familiar and loved objects, he seemed better. His mind was full of activity, he was interested in all that was

going on around, and when free from the sharp attacks of his painful ailment, was bright and cheerful. What conversations we had together. I cannot recall all that he said, but the impression is ineffaceable. What tender interest clings to those evening hours! How precious the privilege of communion with the man of God just before his translation. There was no foreboding of immediate danger. His thoughts were busy with the work which the Master had for him here. He had lived intensely, and loved life. "It is the rapture of living," he said. As I think of him now in the shining heavens, and remember those hours of communion, the deep undercurrent of spiritual feeling, the indescribable pathos of his words, his beautiful resignation, eager for work, yet willing to depart, his distrust of self and simple trust in Christ—I feel that the sanctifying Spirit was indeed making him meet for the immortal inheritance. He took special delight in prayer, and the reading of God's word, and was afraid lest he should manifest any impatience under suffering. On Sunday morning, the 10th of April, the last of his earthly Sabbaths, his wife read to him the Collect, and Gospel, and Epistle, for the day. His spirit was gentle and devout, and much unspoken prayer was in his heart.

Wednesday evening his restlessness became dreadful. There was failing heart-power, and the sound of the Bridegroom's approach fell on his quick and watchful ear. The scene was impressively solemn and tender, as he summoned us around him for prayer, and as we poured out our hearts in supplicating for him grace and strength, he responded fervently to the petitions. In the midst of the overpowering attacks of agonizing pain, and the feeling of approaching death, I said, "Never fear, dear Doctor, you will have an abundant entrance into the kingdom." His answer was, "I do not ask that. Let me only have peace." After midnight the difficulty of breathing increased, and turning to his devoted wife, who had through all his illness watched over him with unspeakable affection, he said, "My darling, if it were not for you, I should ask God to take me out of this suffering; but for your sake I should like to live." About one o'clock, as the faithful physician was pouring out some medicine for him, he saw a change come over the patient. "Am I going, Doctor?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. Then his heart turned to the human in love, and to the Divine in unfaltering trust. His wife in her anguish sobbed out, "O my darling, what have you to say to me?" His answer was,

"I have loved you fondly ; love Jesus and meet me in heaven." His second son, Morley, was with them, but the youngest was absent, and his wife asked again, "And Percy, what message for him?" "Tell him to meet me in heaven." Then looking upward with rapt glance, his lips repeated, "Jesus is to me a bright reality ; Jesus, Jesus !" A heavenly smile, as of kindling rapture, then the head drooped—there was silence, broken only by the sobs of a widow, and William Morley Punshon entered into rest. The gifted orator, one of the foremost standard-bearers of the Church, was gone—gone in the maturity and plenitude of his powers—gone in the full tide of his usefulness, and there passed upward into light, one of the most royal souls that ever left the track of its brightness on earth.

He expired early in the morning of Thursday, April 14th, 1881, within a few weeks of the completion of his fifty-seventh year.

The news of his death fell like a thunderbolt upon the public mind. It was an unlooked-for calamity ; and as the tidings passed with extraordinary speed through Europe and America, it everywhere produced a profound impression. There was a burst of universal sorrow ; throughout the Methodist Church there was a grief as though "one lay dead in every house," and throughout Great Britain a feeling of something like national regret. His praise was in all the churches, and by almost every section of the press and every class in the community, tributes of esteem were paid to his memory. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 19th of April. There was a private service at his own house ; and the chapel was crowded to overflowing with ministers and laymen from all parts of the country. The service was conducted by the Revs. E. E. Jenkins, F. J. Shaw, Dr. Rigg, Hugh Johnston, and M. C. Osborn.

Impressive memorial services were held in many places throughout England ; in Toronto, Montreal, and other cities in Canada, where his loss was felt as keenly as in his native land.

Palsied is the eloquent tongue, the "polished shaft" is broken, the "bright and shining light" of the Church is quenched ; but he "being dead yet speaketh." He has left behind him fragrant, loving and endearing memories, a name resplendent and untarnished as the sun, and enduring as time ; for wherever Methodism is known, will the name of Punshon be embalmed in her traditions, and the record of his life inspire others to the same tireless and impassioned devotion to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VII.—THE MAN AT THE GATE.

FIFTY years before this date Burke Briffault had built, far down the island, a sea-side residence for the three hot months. It had then been quite isolated in its little nest of myrtles and oleanders, but the city had gradually crept up to it, and even beyond it, and for a long time it had been falling to decay. When madam's first anger at Souda's defection was over, she remembered the place, and gave her permission to occupy it. Then the fences and blinds were repaired, and Souda's deft hands trained and trimmed the shrubs and vines, and made the empty desolate rooms clean and comfortable. They were as she had determined they should be, a "home" for the sick and indigent of the old Briffault servants.

On the bitterly cold morning, which was marked by Raymond's first visit to Ratcliffe's old bar, Souda's house was very much crowded, but Jane had the chair she had been promised—the comfortable, soft chair in the warmest corner by the big wood fire. She sat in the pleasant warmth braiding corn shucks into straw, often letting the pretty work fall to her knee, in order to converse more freely with an old negress by her side, who was evidently a stranger, and a sick and sorrowful one. At length they began to sing, softly patting their feet and hands to the mournful little melody, so full of miserable memories :

"O, nobody knows de trouble I've seen!
Nobody knows but Jesus!"

Souda was ironing. She stood at her board among the drift of snowy linen, and listened. Her face was at first sombre; it was hard to read her thoughts; she knew not herself which feeling in her heart predominated—sorrow, pity, perhaps a dash of anger. Souda let them finish their complaint, joining herself, in the last lingering line: "O yes, Lord!"

But as soon as it was finished she set them a noble strain. Clear and strong, her voice rose up, as a lark singing at the gate of heaven:

"Dere's a better day comin', don't you git weary!
Better day a-comin', don't you git weary!
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land!
O clap your hand, chillen, don't git weary;
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
O pat your foot, chillen, don't git weary,
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Gwine to live wid God forever ! Live wid God forever !
Dere's a great camp-meeting in de Promised Land !"

In the middle of this happy hubbub Raymund knocked at the door with the handle of his riding-whip. Souda welcomed him gladly, and he was thankful to go to the hearth and feel the cheering warmth, for a Texas norther sends a chill to the heart. As he stood there, booted and spurred, with his long cavalry cloak over his shoulders, and his whip in his hand, Souda was proud of her old master. "Mighty handsome fambly de Briffaults," she thought, complacently ; and when Ray said to Jane, "Sit down, Jane, sit down, you have earned the right to sit ;" she added, mentally, "all ob dem gentlemen eben to a poor ole nigger woman."

"How am de madam, Mass' Ray ?" she asked.

"She wants to see you, Souda. That is why I called."

"Jist as soon as the norther is ober I'll go to Briffault."

"Can I do anything to help you, Souda ? I dare say you have a house full."

"Got four of de ole men, sar, and three of de women, and a lot of de young ones running in and out."

"Suppose I send you a few loads of wood ? I ought to help, you know."

"I'll be mighty thankful, Mass' Ray ; I will, fur sure !"

"Do you know where John Preston is ?"

"Not jist now. He'll be here to-morrow night, fur de class-meetin', sar."

"O ! Well, good-bye, Souda."

He put a couple of dollars in Jane's hand, and went out again into the "norther." He felt wretched. And that awful phantom of the Dacre he had known ! He could not rid himself of the memory of it. He rode back home at a hard gallop ; he wanted to talk the tragedy over with Cassia. And when he had told her, he took out his pocket-book, and laid thirty dollars and some silver coins upon the table before him.

"Cassia, that is all now left of Ratcliffe's money. He was thirty years making it ; it is very little more than three years since it was divided. Jennings got possession of two-thirds, but he was killed in the moment. Nobody knows who he is. They have advertised for his heirs, but they will never be found. Dacre is worse than dead. I am bankrupt. It does not seem to have been a lucky pile."

Cassia's face was full of love only. She was not angry nor astonished, nor even a little triumphant over the fulfilment of her prophecy of evil ending to such evil-earned money.

"Never mind the past, Ray ; it has been a great mistake, but you can redeem it in the future," she said, pleasantly. "The land is still yours, and the home ; surely there is a living to be made here yet."

"A very poor one. You have done as well as I ever shall with the place. I can see how shabby the house is getting; everywhere it shows the want of ready money. We used to have so many servants. I have noticed how their number has dwindled away. I think we must sell Briffault and go into the city.

But madam would not hear of selling Briffault. She had a claim upon it, and she would not relinquish her hold as long as she lived. So Ray wandered about the dreary rooms thoroughly hopeless and miserable; and if any women need special prayers put up in their behalf it is the wives of men who are idle, and who loaf, fretful and dissatisfied, about their homes. In a very short time everything annoyed Raymund. The children were troublesome; the baby's cries made him nervous; Cassia's never-ceasing industry reproached him. A little money in the house keeps men and women innocent and good-humoured; the want of it is a far greater and more dangerous want than we admit.

When Souda paid the visit to madam she had promised, there was something sad in the meeting of the two women. Madam had been losing hold of life; she was already wandering within the mists of the unknown shore to which she was going. It was pitiful to see how she clung to Souda; how, forgetting all but her own great need of human kindness, she leaned upon her arm and breast, and drew down her large, bright face, and kissed it. She sent Josepha away, that she might talk freely with the one friend left her.

For the few hours they were together Souda tried to renew the past for the woman who lived only in it. She made her the cream chocolate she loved, and brought it, with dainty strips of lightly browned bread. But when she went to the small ebony buffet for the rich cake and guava jelly that had always been kept there, madam said, sadly:

"There is nothing of that kind left, Souda; we have been getting poorer every week, I think. Well, well! one may do without cake and guava; but love, that is different, Souda!"

She spoke bitterly of Raymund's folly; she blamed Cassia for not exercising more influence over him; the tears filled her eyes at Gloria's name. In Souda's arms all her pride gave way for an hour or two; she acknowledged that she was forlorn and weary, and hungry for some heart to lean upon. Had she known it, this feeling of intolerable severance from affection was the one hopeful sign for her future. Beneath the snows of age love glowed. No one she had ever loved was forgotten. Though she seemed merely a pale shadow lost amid a new generation, below the surface there were tears, hopes, the whole vast world of a human heart.

It was in such tender mood madam lay that day and talked

to Souda of her husband and her dead children. Sometimes they were quite silent, and then madam's hand sought Souda's hand, and she felt a great sense of comfort in the firm clasp or the tender kiss which met it. Souda was thinking, thinking, thinking—how was she to lead this poor, desolate, sorrowful soul back to the Father's home? She began by telling her of her own work. Madam remembered well all the slaves she had ever owned. Most of them had been back to Souda for help of some kind. Many of them had led strange lives and seen wonderful things since they dwelt at Briffault. It was easy to interest madam. She listened with profound emotion to many a pitiful story, to many a marvellous deliverance. She suffered Souda to speak of God's interference and agency without scorn and without interruption. At last she said:

"I must leave you now, Miss Selina, but I'll come again soon; whenever you want me, I'se allays got a day fur to gibe you."

"*Miss Selina!*" The name had slipped from Souda's lips unawares. In the days when Madam was young and lovely, when she ruled absolutely in Briffault, before her father-in-law and her husband died, madam had been "*Miss Selina.*" It was like a voice from from the dead. She covered her face with her thin, wasted hands; and when Souda knelt down by her side and said, "I'se awful sorry I spoke de words; dey kind ob slipped from me, dey did, indeed;" she saw that madam was weeping bitterly.

"I kaint say de fust word ob comfort, madam; but O jist let me read only three verses to you. I'se read jist de three what God gives me. I won't know myself what dey is gwine to be;" and, as madam answered neither "yes" nor "no," Souda took her silence for consent, and drawing a little Testament from her pocket and opening it at a venture, read:

"'Either what woman having ten piéces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

"Thank you, Souda! I have heard the words often. Did I ever tell you that my father was a preacher—a Methodist preacher, Souda? But I have been lost so long, so long," she muttered, more to herself than to Souda, "the image and superscription is trodden quite away—not even He would seek or know me for His own now."

"De Lord is gwine to seek ebry bit ob de lost Briffault silver; dar wont be one piece ob it git beyond His eye or de reach ob His hand. Bless de Lord! You'se got kinfolk in heaven praying fur you. Dey will be right on de altar steps,

holdin' on to de Lord's pierced feet. Think He's gwine to turn dem away? Madam knows better dan dat. And I'se mighty glad to know 'bout your father, de preacher, madam; 'kase when I pray now I'll think 'bout him saying de '*Amens!*' to de prayer, eben close up to de mercy-seat."

Then some fine spiritual instinct told Souda that the limit of confidence had been reached. She bid madam "good-night," and, full of hope and prayer, began her dark and lonely ride. Madam did not ring for Josepha. She did not even encourage little Mary to remain with her. For the first time in many a year the idea of solitude was pleasant to her. She had spoken of her father, and she could not put away the image she had called back to her. She remembered him standing in the small pulpit, with his blue eyes uplifted, and his white hair flowing a little backward. She remembered his quaint black clothes and white neckerchief, his hands clasping the hymn book, and his lips parted with the holy words upon them. Under this new emotion madam was very restless. She gave herself up awhile to the past; suffered it to lead her in old paths, and talk to her of things long forgotten. In this reverie time passed quickly; nine o'clock struck, and with a little shiver, she turned toward the fire.

When she was half-way across the room a movement of the door-handle arrested her attention. There was no noise, but the handle turned, and she stood still and speechless, watching it. In a moment the door was pushed softly open and Gloria entered. She came in with her finger upon her lips, and a gesture that was an entreaty for silence. Madam was unable to speak or move, she stood quite still, and the girl knelt down at her feet, and took her hands, and whispered with stifled sobs:

"I have run away from him. O save me, grandma!"

"Lock the door."

In an instant she was the madam Gloria had always known. She had taken in at a glance her granddaughter's wretched condition: her dress poor and shabby, and unfit for the season; her appearance of ill-health and trouble and exhaustion. She was shivering and untidy, and looked ten years older.

"Where have you come from, child?" She could not refuse her sympathy; her pity conquered her anger.

"From the Rio Grande—all by myself. I had a little money at first; then I begged a ride from station to station; people were very kind to me."

"Begged a ride! Why did you not write for money? Ray will never forgive you."

"I have written and written; there was no answer. I was hopeless and desperate. Nobody took any notice of my letters. I have been treated very cruelly, I think."

"Don't forget how badly you yourself behaved, miss. Now

tell me the truth before I call Ray. Why did you leave your husband?"

"He ill-used me, he swore at me, he beat me, and even starved me. He did all he could to make me die. O, grandma, look here, and here, and here," and she uncovered her pretty arms and neck and showed the marks of the brutality she had borne. Then every trace of madam's softer mood fled.

"Why did you not kill him?" she asked, contemptuously; "I would at the first blow."

"I was afraid."

Madam looked at the pale woman crouching over the fire, and felt a tinge of contempt for her.

"Well, now that you have left him, what will you do? Will you stay here with me?"

"I dare not. Denis will follow me; not because he loves me, but because he hates me, and hates Ray; and then there would be a fight and a murder. I want some of my clothes, and some money, and I will go away; go to New Orleans or New York, and teach, or sew, or do anything I can do for a living. O, grandma! dear, dear grandma, help me! Can't you help me?"

"Has any one here seen you?"

"No one. I loitered in the swamp until dark; then I easily found my way up stairs to my old room. The key was in the door. I lay down upon the bed and fell asleep, I was so tired; then when I awoke I came here to you. I opened the door slowly, because I feared Josepha might be present. I am very hungry, grandma."

"Poor child! Go into my dressing-room. I will ring for coffee and bread. I can get nothing else at this hour without arousing suspicion or remarks."

When it was brought Gloria ate eagerly, telling the while a story of bitter and shameful ill-usage.

"The very soldiers pitied and helped me to escape," she said.

Their whispered confidence lasted far through the night; and again madam emptied her jewel drawers for the unhappy woman; for her store of gold was barely sufficient to pay travelling expenses to New York.

It was agreed that Gloria should rest in her room until madam sent for Souda. Souda's horse would carry both back to Galveston; and from there the wretched runaway could take the train or steamer, and soon escape beyond the power of her husband's or her brother's anger. For a few days there was little fear of her presence being discovered; for her room was seldom visited, and she knew so well the hours and the ways of the house. Even in her trouble, Gloria took a kind of pleasure in planning how to provide for her own comforts and necessities unknown to Ray and Cassia.

The truth was, madam needed time to consider. Her first

impulse had been to help Gloria to escape; but so soon as she was left to unbiased reflection, she perceived that she had acted with unwise precipitancy. It was not at all certain that Captain Grady would come to Briffault. It was evidently the right thing to take Raymund into their confidence and counsels; and during their conversation, on the following day, madam endeavoured to persuade Gloria to see her brother. At first Gloria refused, but perceiving madam to be very much in earnest, she agreed to do so, as soon as she was a little recovered from the effects of her hard journey, and had altered one of her old dresses to fit her shrunken figure.

Gloria, however, did not like the prospect of things before her at Briffault. She knew that Ray would insist upon her remaining under his protection, and that he would consider absolute seclusion a necessary act of propriety. She imagined his dark disapproving face; she thought of Cassia; she thought of the poverty madam had spoken of; she thought of the services she would expect from her; altogether, the life she would have to lead appalled her. She congratulated herself that she had secured tangible help from madam in the first few hours of her fright and sympathy; and the next day, after she had taken tea with her grandmother, she went out again into the world, this time quite alone.

She had told madam she was going to her room to sleep for an hour or two, and at first madam believed her. But ere long she remembered a peculiar expression on Gloria's face as they drank their tea together: it was but a transient gleam in the eyes that she had intercepted, but it roused in her an unhappy suspicion. She could not put it away, and she went, with trembling steps, to Gloria's room. The room was dark—she expected that: but when she closed the door, and called her softly, there was no response, and her heart turned sick. "Yet the child might be asleep." She felt her way to the bed, and passed her hand over the pillows. There was a litter of clothing on them; nothing else. She had a match in her hand; she struck it, and the small flickering light showed her what she had already felt, that the room was empty.

"There will, of course, be a note," she said, bitterly, and on the toilet table she found it.

"DEAR GRANDMA: I cannot and will not meet Ray and Cassia. If I can make a living I will let you know; if not, one can always die, and I would rather be at the bottom of the sea than in Denis Grady's power again. You are the only one who loves me. I am sorry to go away from you. Thank you, grandma, for your kindness to me."

The last lines had a ring of truth in them. They touched madam to the heart. She had but one thought: "the wayward girl must be sought and brought home."

She sent at once for Ray ; she was determined to tell him all, and insist upon his following his sister. If he hastened to Galveston it would be easy to watch every train and steamer, and so detain her. But Ray was not at home. He had gone to Galveston during the afternoon, and there was no certainty about his return. Then madam offered Josepha five dollars to ride into Galveston and look for her master ; but Josepha declared "she couldn't ride at black night." The only man servant had left the place at sundown. But the difficulties of the pursuit only roused in madam a stronger determination to accomplish it. Every moment of delay increased, in her eyes, the terrible necessity of the case.

She imagined Gloria flying on foot through the swamp, becoming weary and hopeless, and, in a moment of despair, fulfilling her threat. The idea took possession of her, as fright will a child ; she could not endure it, she went at length to Cassia for help. Cassia sat before the fire in her bedroom, nursing her baby, a boy of ten months old. When madam entered she lifted a face white as snow, and full of anxiety and trouble.

"He is very ill," she said, softly. "O, I wish Ray was at home ! and the doctor ought to have been here ere this."

Madam stood by the child and looked down at him. The baby face was hot and crimson, the breathing laboured, the tiny hands tightly clenched.

"He is teething, and has a fever ; there is nothing to fear, nothing unusual," she said.

Then she told her in rapid, earnest tones, Gloria's sad story ; perhaps, unconsciously, she exaggerated the girl's fright and despair ; at any rate, she made Cassia feel with her that a human life depended upon their individual exertions to save it. And in Cassia's heart the fear was blent with one still more solemn—"the unrepentant, unpardoned soul ! What must she do to prevent any catastrophe which would send it unprepared to meet its God ?"

She looked at madam in terror.

"What is to be done ? Will Josepha or Cora go ? Where is Steve ?"

Steve went away at sundown ; neither Cora nor Josepha will go. Cassia, there is no one but you to save the poor unhappy girl ! You are a good rider ; you are not afraid. Ray will come back with you. Do you know where to find him ?"

Alas ! yes. She knew that he would be at his favourite hotel. She knew that it was the billiard-table, or the euchre pack, that had drawn him away from his sick child and his home. She had no fear of the ride. But her baby ! how could she leave him ?

"I have had such a feeling of coming sorrow," she said, pitifully ; "this afternoon, as I sat sewing beside his cradle, there

was a knock at the door—such a singular knock, madam—as if one brought an order. I rose instantly and opened the door. There was no one there, I mean no one whom I could see; but my heart turned sick, and I went back to the cradle, and fell down weeping beside my child. I cannot leave him! I cannot leave him! I am afraid to leave him!”

“You are the soul of selfishness. Is there no ‘coming sorrow’ but your sorrow? Might not the ‘order’ be for Gloria, as well as for your baby? I will myself attend to the child. If Gloria runs into sin or shame, or takes her own life, I shall always blame you, unless you try to save her. If I had been younger I would not have asked you; you never liked Gloria, never did anything to make home happy for her.”

“Madam, you know that is unkind; yes, it is unjust! I have spoiled my own happiness to add to hers often. But I will not defend myself. God knows. And I will go for Ray. Perhaps even I may overtake her. Ray will be angry with me, but that must not prevent a duty; and O, madam, my baby! my sick baby! I leave him in your care! I will pray for him all the time, but you must watch, and do your best for the poor little fellow.”

“I am the child’s mother three times over. Do you think you are the only person who loves him? Had I been in your place he should have had a physician before this hour.”

“He has grown so much worse since sundown. Ray promised to call at the doctor’s as he went into town.”

“We are wasting time. Bring the child to my room. I will see no harm comes to him.”

Weeping bitterly, she did so. Over and over she kissed the hot little face, and her heart seemed as if it would break as she turned away from it. While Cora saddled a horse, she put on her habit, and as her fingers buttoned it round her, the tears fell in an unrestrained and bitter rain.

“Dear God, help me! O take care of my sick child! It is so hard! I cannot do it unless Thou help me!”

With such broken entreaties she dressed for her lonely ride; but as soon as she had given her horse the rein she thought of nothing but reaching her destination as rapidly as possible.

Yet, on the way, she watched constantly for any human figure that might be Gloria, but she saw none. When she reached Galveston the city was all astir. The sounds of music and singing and light talk rippled through the clear, crisp air. Suddenly, upon a more lonesome street, she came to a church. It was lit, the only lighted building near; she checked her horse and stood before it, for the solemn, triumphant strains of “Duke Street” fell upon her ear, and well she knew the four grand lines of Charles Wesley’s they were singing to them:

"I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Will keep me still in perfect peace."

"My God!" she whispered, "I will speak to Thee for one moment; no one loses time for prayer. In Thy holy temple Thou wilt surely hear and bless me."

She slipped from her saddle, fastened the animal, and, drawing her veil closely, entered the building. The singing ceased at that moment, and the preacher rose. He was an old man, with an aspect serious and serene, and he lifted up his hands, and with a solemn gladness, said:

"Go in peace; and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all evermore. Amen!"

What more did Cassia want? She felt that she had been blessed. She had no more fear of what Raymund would say. She could leave her darling in the charge of God's angel. She went on her way unspeakably comforted and strengthened. As she approached the hotel she saw a Negro man, whom she knew, leaning against a lamp post. She spoke to him, and he looked at her in amazement.

"Miss Cassia, I 'clar to goodness! It aint you, surely, Miss Cassia?"

"It is, Daniel. My child is very sick, and I want to see Master Ray. He is in the hotel; go and find him, and say a lady wishes to speak to him."

"Name your name, Miss Cassia?"

"Better not, Daniel."

In about five minutes she saw Ray coming. Before she could speak he knew her, and he asked, sharply:

"What nonsense is this, Cassia? Do you think such heroic virtue will frighten me into staying at home?"

"You are mistaken, Ray, dear. Gloria has been home and gone again. She is in great trouble, and madam is afraid she will take her own life. Also, little Paul is very ill, very ill, indeed, I fear."

"Then, why did you leave him? Was that a motherly thing to do? As for Gloria, she made her own bed, and she can lie on it, though it be at the bottom of the sea."

He had sent Daniel for his horse, and he spoke no more until it came. It was a hard, wretched ride home. They mistook the crossing of one of the larger bayous, the water was deep and dangerous; but Ray was not in a mood to turn or to alter his course for anything. Wet to the waist, and faint with exhaustion, Cassia pursued her journey. But her patience finally touched his wilful heart.

"I have been cross and unkind, Cassia," he said; "but I am so annoyed about this folly of Gloria's. If Grady comes up

after her I shall certainly thrash him, and the result will be a fight. If he does not come, there is the constant worry and anxiety about her fate. We shall never know when she is going to do some outrageous thing that will put us all in every newspaper, far and near. In fact, I don't see how we are to keep things quiet at all. Some one will be sure to see her. She is imprudence itself. I despise a woman who leaves her husband for any cause!"

"Grady used her shamefully."

"I said, for *any cause*, and I mean it."

"He struck her, Ray! Cruelly struck her."

"Bah! Parents strike children, and love them all the time. I have seen Gloria in moods when a man must be a saint not to strike her. Husbands can't bear everything."

'A man cannot strike a woman and respect her after the blow. A woman cannot respect a man who strikes her.'

He did not answer, and as they were nearing home, they rode forward silently and very swiftly. Cassia was reeling with exhaustion when Ray lifted her from her saddle. She stopped at the bucket and gourd and drank a deep draught of water. Then she opened the closed door. There was a stillness in the house, and only a small lamp burning at the foot of the stairs—a stillness she had never before felt, a solemn chill, that smote her to the heart. She almost crept up-stairs. Her wet habit dragged her down, she clung to the balusters, and climbed painfully, step by step. She meant to go quickly to madam's room, but as she passed her own she saw that the door stood open. Then she was aware that it was from this room that the cold stillness came, and she went into it. The fire was quite out, the windows all open, every thing spotlessly white and cold and quiet. Her own bed was like a snow-drift, and so was little Paul's cradle beyond it.

Already divining what sorrow waited for her, she went, like one in a maze, to the tiny bed. Mothers! Mothers! You can tell how she knelt down beside it, and kissed the clay-cold face and the small folded hands, and moaned like one whom God could nevermore comfort. Raymund had been obliged to take the horses to the stable himself, and he did not enter the house for ten minutes after Cassia. He was not sensitive to any new influence in it; he came up-stairs grumbling at the whole household being in bed, and no supper ready for him. But Cassia's lamenting brought him face to face with his sorrow, and it was a real sorrow to Raymund. He loved his little son passionately. He was his own image, his first-born son, a bright, promising boy, exceptionally lovely and loving, as angel children always are. No trouble, no heart-pain, half so hard to bear, had ever before come to him.

But when the first paroxysm of his anguish was over, it was succeeded by a kind of anger. He took Cassia's hand, and said,

"Come, we must speak to madam about it. If there has been any neglect, I will never forgive her." Their hearts were hard towards the old woman as they trod the long, dim corridor leading to her room. But when they saw her, they had nothing to say. She lay prostrate upon her bed, her hands covering her face.

"I did my best," she murmured, in low, cold tones; "he went into a spasm an hour after Cassia left. It was hard to get hot water. Josepha was half-crazed and useless. I did all I could. The struggle was a short one."

Ray looked sternly at her, but Cassia felt the agony whose very intensity gave it an appearance of indifference.

"Thank you, madam, I know you did your best, did all that it was possible to do," she said. But O, the loneliness and heart-ache that followed! Ray, gloomy, resentful, speechless, sat by his dead son all night; but Cassia's physical exhaustion gave her a short respite from the intense sorrow of the first hours of bereavement.

They were sad days at Briffault. The atmosphere of grief was in every room. Madam was haughty, almost resentful in her sorrow. She did not name the child, and when Ray visited her their talk was of Gloria. He smiled incredulously at the idea of suicide. "Gloria loves herself too much; and why did she provide means for travel and for life if she meant to die?" he asked. But he agreed to go to New Orleans and look for her, and he was the more inclined to do this because of the restless pain which the loss of his child had left in his heart. For, alas! he did not carry his sorrow to God; he tried rather to subdue it by that practical stoicism which says to itself. "What is finished is finished. The dead are dead. I must make the best of it."

After he was gone Briffault had almost the air of a house shut up. Early in the morning, late at sundown, often in the middle of the day, Cassia's feet trod the road to that lonely little yard within the myrtle hedge, where she had once found Gloria weeping.

And though Cassia suffered, madam, sitting alone amid her fading splendour, suffered, perhaps, more. She made no complaints, asked for no sympathy, exhibited no emotion; but upon her countenance, there was the impress of an intense woe, a mixture of defiance and despair, very pitiful.

One night, about two months after Ray had left for New Orleans, there was every sign of a thunder storm. Madam was highly electrical, and painfully sensitive to such storms. As the evening closed in she could not rest a moment. It grew dark and oppressive; Josepha lit the lamps, and sat down in a corner of the room, and went to sleep. Madam did not like to awaken her, yet she felt an overpowering desire for some human society. She went into the corridor, and walked slowly

up and down, listening to the murmur of Cassia's and Mary's voices, as she approached their room nearer and nearer. The door stood open to admit any air that might be stirring, and ere long madam heard the monotonous movement of a rocking-chair. Mary was in her night-gown upon her mother's knee, and Cassia was trying to soothe the nervous, irritable child.

"Sing me 'The Man at the Gate,' mamma."

Now Cassia knew well that madam was walking in the corridor. It had become a very usual thing for her to do so during the long, lonely evenings; and Cassia had taken pains to prevent any notice of the circumstance, lest it might drive the forlorn old woman back to a still greater solitude. So she was glad when Mary asked for this loveliest of spiritual ballads, and to its wild, sweet melody, she sang the touching words:

"In summer and winter, in calm and storm,
When the morning dawns and the night falls late,
We may see, if we will, the steadfast form
Of the Man that watches beside the gate.

"I saw the stars of the morning wait
On their lofty towers to watch the land,
As a little child stole up to the gate
And knocked with a tiny, trembling hand:

"I am only a little child, dear Lord,
And my feet are stained already with sin;
But they said you had sent the children word
To come to the gate and enter in."

"The Man at the gate looked up and smiled
A heavenly smile and fair to see,
And he opened and bent to the pleading child,
"I am willing with all my heart!" said he.

"At midnight there came the voice of one
Who crept to the gate through the blinding snow,
And who moaned at the gate as one undone
Might moan at the sight of the last dread woe.

"A woman's voice, and it rose and fell
On the muffled wings of the snowy night,
With a trembling knocking which seemed to tell
Of one who was chilled and spent outright.

"I wove the crown for the Brow divine,
I pierced the hand that was stretched to save;
I dare not pray that the light may shine
To show me the prints of the nails I drave.

"I beat this night on my sinful breast,
I dare not pray Him to succour me!"
But the Watchman opened the gate of rest,
"I am willing with all my heart!" said he.

"Thus day and night they are pressing nigh,
With tears and sighs to the heavenly gate,
Where the Watchman stands in His majesty,
With a patience which has never said, "Too late.""

Cassia put her soul into every line. She thought of the listener outside, and in her heart there was a prayer to the Man at the gate for her. The sweet little melody rose and fell with a monotony that was charming and full of rest. At length it stopped altogether—only the creak of the rocker was heard. There was a tap at the door, and Cassia rose with the child in her arms. Madam was standing on the threshold.

"How is Mary? I feared she had fever this afternoon."

Mary lifted her drowsy head. "Come in, grandma."

And Cassia said, "Come in and rest, the night is hot and close."

"You were singing?" "I was singing Mary to sleep."

"I heard you—a sweet, wild tune. Do not stop; I like it."

She sat down, and little Mary put out her hand. Madam clasped it in her own, and Cassia sang the solemn ballad over again; sang it very simply, carefully avoiding an emphasis or inflection which might appear like application; for God had given her this great wisdom, to know when to speak and when to forbear. At the last line she pointed out the sleeping child. Her small fingers were tightly clasping her grandmother's. Madam looked pleased, so did Cassia; the two women caught each other's smile. When the fingers loosened the child was laid to rest, and madam made as if she would go away; but Cassia said:

"The storm is breaking. It will be a very bad one. Stay here beside me."

She drew her sofa a little forward and put a pillow on it, and helped madam to dispose herself as she wished. Then the two women sat silent; for the noise of the thunder and of the wind and of the swashing and beating of the rain made conversation impossible. And in the very height of the elemental uproar there came the wild gallop of a terrified horse up the avenue.

"It is Ray," said Cassia, starting up. "Do not move, madam, he will be glad to meet you at once."

In a little a while Ray came in, drenched and weary, but with a face full of love and pleasure. He followed Cassia up stairs, laughing at the gallop he had had, and saying:

"O, how sweet it is to see you again, Cassia! O, how sweet it is to be at home again! I have such good news!"

He was surprised at madam's presence, but glad also, and he added, as he kissed her:

"You remember me speaking of Jonas Sterne? I have gone into partnership with him. An excellent thing! I am really fortunate!"

Madam rose hastily. She looked at Ray, laid her hand upon his arm, and in a trembling voice asked:

Gloria? What of your sister, Ray? Have you seen her? Heard of her?"

But Ray's face darkened, and he answered, very sternly:

"I have heard nothing of her."

THE MARTYRS IN THE CATACOMBS.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THEY lie all round me, countless in their number,
 Each martyr with his palm.
 No torture now can rack them : safe they slumber,
 Hushed in eternal calm !

I read the rude inscriptions, written weeping,
 At night with hurried tears.
 Yet what a tale they tell ! their secret keeping
 Through all these thousand years.

"*In Pace.*" Yes, at peace. By sword, or fire,
 Or cross, or lictor's rod—
 Virgin, or matron ; youth, or gray-haired sire :
 For all, the peace of God.

"*In Christo.*" Died in Christ. Oh, tragic story !
 Yet, over shouts, and cries,
 And lion's roar, they heard the saints in glory
 Singing from Paradise.

"*Ad Deum.*" Went to God. Wide swung the portal ;
 Dim sank the sands away ;
 And, chanting "*Alleluia,*" the immortal
 Passed to Eternal Day.

Agnes, Cecilia ! Names undying ever.
 What's Cæsar's gain to this ?
 He lived for self ; they for their high endeavour.
 His, fame ; their's, endless bliss.

And Pagan Rome herself ? Her wisest teacher
 Could teach but how to die !
 Sad, hopeless emp'ror, echoing the Preacher,
 "All, all is vanity."

He slew the martyrs. Yet, through ages crying,
 This noble truth they give :
 "Life is but birth-throes. Death itself, not dying.
 We pass to God—to live."

O blessed hope ! O faith that conquers sorrow !
 Pain, heart-break, all shall cease.
 They are but gateways to a glad to-morrow.
 "*In Pace.*" God is peace.

*See Frontispiece.

DEATH OF THE HON. JAMES FERRIER.

NO more conspicuous figure among the laity of Canadian Methodism has passed away than the late James Ferrier. Few men have so well and so faithfully served their generation. He was a fine type of Christian manhood and of Canadian patriotism. His life was co-eval with the century, and he died full of years and full of honours, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends," all that could make life happy. Never have we known a man who preserved to the verge of his ninetieth year to so large a degree his mental and physical energy and vivacity. Few men of half his age will be more missed from the busy activities of public and private, secular and religious life. He came of sturdy Scottish stock, which may have had much to do with his vigour, both of body and mind. Born and educated in the ancient "Kingdom of Fife." He came to Montreal in his twenty-first year. Though brought up a Presbyterian he soon, from conviction, identified himself with the early struggles of Methodism in that city. His business energy brought with it deserved success and he soon became prominent in commercial circles. Always public spirited, in 1841 he became a member of the corporation of the city, and in 1847 was elected mayor—a fact of much significance, when it is remembered what antipathy a Protestant, and especially a Methodist, was regarded by the mass of Roman Catholic voters who constituted the great majority. Mr. Ferrier received about every office which the confidence of his fellow-citizens, or the favour of his Sovereign could bestow. The following is a partial list of his official positions:

He was Colonel of the First Battalion of Montreal Militia; Member of the Board of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning (McGill University), in 1845; President of St. Andrew's Society, and

life member of the Legislative Council of Canada in 1847, and for many years a Senator of the Dominion; President of the Montreal and Lachine Railway; Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway, and a Director of the International Bridge Company; called to the Legislative Council of Quebec in 1867, and since that year has been a member of the Council of Victoria College, Cobourg. He was Chancellor of McGill College, Manager of the Montreal Assurance Company, Vice-President of the Sabbath-school Association of Canada; one of the controlling spirits of the Bank of British North America in 1837; President of the Bible Society; President of the Quebec Temperance League. He filled every position of trust and honour that was possible in the Church, to which he devoted the best energies of his life. He was for many year Superintendent of St. James' Street Methodist Church Sunday-school; a member of the Senate of Victoria University, and Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Wesleyan Theological College, of Montreal, for the furtherance of which he erected the James Ferrier Convocation Hall, in 1883, at his own expense.

He laid the foundation stone of the great St. James' Street Church forty years ago, and by his tireless energy greatly promoted its welfare during the two score years which have since elapsed. About a year ago he laid the foundation of the new church which is to take its place, and the very day before the closing services of the old church took place, devout men bore him to his burial from those sacred walls, within which he had so often worshipped. It was enough. He was ready to say his "Nunc dimittis," for his eyes had seen the salvation of God.

We hope to have, at an early date, a worthier tribute to his memory from friends who knew him long and well.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall. The income, though it reached \$659,000, fell below the expenditure \$30,500. There is an increase in places of worship during the year of 114 ; of missionaries, 9 ; of paid agents, 175 ; of unpaid agents, 208 ; of church members, 1,037 with 577 on trial ; and of pupils attending schools, 1,580. There had been an unusual mortality among the missionaries.

The ladies' auxiliary is doing a good work, and maintains agents in Spain, Ceylon, India, China, and Africa, who are engaged in school work, Zenana visiting, medical work and the various evangelical services of Bible women. There is pressing need for female agency, especially in India, where child marriage and enforced widowhood are so fearfully prevalent.

The Rev. Thomas Champness is sending additional *Joyful News* agents abroad. The last company was sent to India.

The services in connection with the London Wesleyan Mission appear to have been of a most enthusiastic kind. The sermons, public meeting and an experience meeting were all seasons of special interest.

A Rescue Home has also been established, which, though only of recent origin, bids fair to do much good in saving poor unfortunates from a life of shame.

The Metropolitan Chapel Building Report contains many items of interest. The income exceeds \$80,000. There are now fifty-two circuits in the metropolis, twenty-eight of which owe their large churches to this fund.

It is anticipated that there will be at least 150 candidates for the minis-

try recommended by the various district meetings, not more than half of whom will be required for the home and foreign work.

At Wardour Hall, Mr. Morley Punshon greatly delighted the audience with his recitations. The *Methodist Times* says, "He inherits his father's elocutionary gifts."

The London Mission is now regarded as an institution of so much importance that others besides Methodists are taking a deep interest in its progress. On a recent Sabbath collections were made in a Congregational church on its behalf which amounted to \$525. Mr. Corry, Cardiff, has given \$5,000 towards a permanent building for the west mission.

The Prince of Wales has granted a ninety-nine years' lease of a site for a Wesleyan mission chapel at Fordington Cross, Dorchester, at a nominal rent.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Dr. Shrubsall has gone to China as a medical missionary. The valedictory service held in London prior to his departure was a season long to be remembered.

Some of the quarterly meetings have been agitating for the name of the denomination to be changed to "the Methodist Church."

There is a movement on foot to establish Sunday-schools for working-men, and to make them part of the regular church organization.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The General Conference was in session during the entire month of May. The pastoral term is extended to five years ; an order of deaconesses has been established ; five new bishops were elected, three missionary secretaries instead of two were ap-

pointed, a missionary bishop was elected to India, and Bishop Taylor is to continue his labours in Africa. The missions in Japan are given authority to be united with other Methodist missions, and thus form "the Methodist Church of Japan."

Never before had there been such strenuous efforts made to circulate tract literature, by house-to-house visitation, at Sunday services, and through Sunday-schools. The work had been vigorously pushed among sailors, emigrants, down-town missions and lodging-houses, in the streets, parks, and hospitals, and on the elevated and surface railways and ferries. A new feature in the movement is that 4,000 pages of Bohemian tracts, the first effort of the Methodist Church to reach a population of 30,000 of this nationality, and the same number of pages of Chinese tracts, both of which have been well received.

A memorial tablet to Bishop Harris has been erected in John Street Church, New York, the cradle of American Methodism.

A memorial window is about to be erected in City Road Chapel, London, to the memory of Bishop Simpson, which will be paid for by American Methodists. The locality is consecrated to Dissent, not only on John Wesley's account, for opposite his Church is Bunhill Fields, where Bunyan, Defoe, Watts, all of Cromwell's children, John Wilkes, Dr. Hart, William Blake, Susannah Wesley, and many thousands of other Nonconformists, are buried. The window represents Elisha receiving the falling mantle of Elijah, and is said to be an artistic success.

Two missionaries recently opened Protestant services at the Hacienda San Padro Vacarias, near Pachina. It is a large farm of nearly half a million acres, employing about a thousand *peons* or farm servants. Over 200 were present at the first service, and it was the first time any of them had heard the Gospel. The altar of a Catholic church was used for a pulpit, while the preachers were surrounded by images of saints and

crucifixes; for the proprietor gave the use of the Catholic church, whose bells tolled the first time for Protestant worship.

As it is nearly 100 years since Jesse Lee, the famous pioneer missionary, planted Methodism in New England, the late Conferences held there have made arrangements for the due celebration of the Centennial in May, 1889.

Among the 450 delegates to the General Conference, which is in session while these notes are being prepared, there are representatives from Germany, Italy, Sweden, India, China, Japan and Africa. Dr. Maclay, the distinguished Oriental missionary, designs to urge the Conference to take action looking towards the union of Japan Methodism.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The receipts of the Missionary Board for the past year were \$234,584, a portion of which was used to reduce the debt. To avoid debt in future no provision was made to enlarge the operations of the society, and the appropriations for existing work were cut down to the lowest figures possible.

Bishop Granbery has gone to Brazil. His daughter Ella will engage in missionary work, to which she has been appointed by the Woman's Board.

The Book Committee, for the first time in the history of the Church, perhaps, find an unappropriated balance in their hands, and have appropriated \$5,000 to be distributed among the different annual Conferences to supplement the support of the widows and orphans of deceased ministers.

In May, 1887, there was a missionary debt of \$90,000. The Church then sanctioned the commencement of a new mission in Japan, and the debt has been reduced to \$21,800.

A beautiful memorial tablet, inscribed in honour of the murdered Haddock, was unveiled lately in the First Methodist Church, Sioux City.

The Methodist preachers' meeting of Chicago has had a discussion on the union of Northern and Southern Methodist Churches, which ended in the adoption of a resolution in favour of union.

The negotiations for the union of Congregational Methodist and Free Methodist Protestant Churches in Georgia have been successfully concluded. The result is called the United Congregational Churches of Georgia. The Conference embraces about fifty churches, with a membership of 3,500.

The Missionary Society reports an increase of \$13,000. Shortly afterwards other sums were received, which made the increase to be \$73,000. The collections during the last week of prayer paid off the entire indebtedness, and left the Society free from incumbrance.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The eighteenth quadrennial session of the General Conference has just been held in Indianapolis. Two hundred and sixty-eight delegates were present from forty-one annual Conferences, representing every state of the Union, Canada, the Bermuda, and Demerara Islands. The union between this Church and the African Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada and the West Indies has been nominally accomplished, but a protest has been made against it from some of the Canadian and West India representatives, and the matter is likely to be taken to the courts.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A letter from Japan contains a cheering account of the district meeting, which is pronounced to be the finest ever held in Japan. There was an increase of nearly 500 members, or sixty per cent., and the financial increase in the evangelistic field was more than 100 per cent. A central mission has been established, to which the Rev. C. S. Eby has been appointed. The mission is in the midst of the great colleges and

over a hundred of the important schools of the empire, the very brain-centre of forty millions of people.

The Rev. G. M. Meacham, D.D., has gone to Japan to become the pastor of the Union Church at Yokohama. In addition to the duties of the pastorate he will be able to perform much real missionary work.

Victoria University has had a most successful year. The convocation was an enthusiastic rally of the friends of the institution. Dr. Burwash's address was full of encouragement. He paid a beautiful tribute to the late Chancellor, Dr. Nelles. The number of students never was so large nor the outlook so encouraging. About \$320,000 have been pledged to the Fund for endowment and erection of new buildings.

The Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, has had a successful year. There are thirty-two students, eighteen of whom have taken the ordinary theological course, and ten are undergraduates in McGill University, and four in the preliminary and matriculation courses.

The success of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, has been very satisfactory. An addition has been made to the building so as to provide for the increased accommodation which is much needed. The foundation stone of the new structure was laid by Mrs. Dr. Carman.

The Whitby and Belleville College, have had a very successful year.

Farewell services were held in Great St. James' Street Church, Montreal, on Sabbath, June 3rd. This has been the mother church of Methodism in Montreal. The present edifice has been in use forty-three years. The foundation-stone was laid by the late Senator Ferrier, whose funeral service was held within its walls on the day previous to that on which the farewell services were held. A new church is in course of erection for St. James' Street congregation, which it is claimed will be "the grandest Methodist church on the face of earth."

The corner-stone of the new West Bloor Street Church, Toronto, was

laid by Senator Macdonald, on May 19th! It will be a fine edifice, and a valuable addition to the Methodist churches in the city. There are four churches now in course of erection in Toronto, which is a proof of the vitality of Methodism.

In St. John, New Brunswick, there has been a gracious revival, extending over seven weeks, and upwards of 300 conversions are reported. In Portland, also, there have been numerous conversions. *Glad Tidings* now has a circulation of 2,000, and is published fortnightly. The periodical is doing much good, and circulates not only in the Maritime Provinces, but also in Ontario and the North-West, and even in Japan.

The brethren in Newfoundland Conference have taken steps toward the formation of a theological union, and their laudable project will probably be consummated at the ensuing Conference.

In the Methodist Sunday-schools of Montreal there are 4,010 scholars and 422 teachers, being an increase of 587 scholars and forty teachers during the year. The increase is the result of three things: 1. Better music, many of the schools having organized a Sunday-school orchestra. 2. Better teaching, to retain older scholars there must be the real Bible study. 3. Personal visitation on the part of officers, teachers and others; regular house-to-house work. Would not similar efforts in other places secure like results?

The labours of the evangelists in all the Conferences are successful. Rev. Messrs. Winter and Homer have probably the hardest field in Montreal Conference. In addition to those mentioned in our last, we now have Revs. Messrs. D. O. Crossley and Dewey also engaged in evangelistic work. These brethren have been at Norwood, at Aurora and other places in Ontario, and hundreds have professed to find the Saviour. Our readers will be gratified to learn that, as one result of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter's labours at Belleville, one gentleman doing a wholesale business of \$6,000

a year in cigars, has taken them off his shelves and peddling waggons, and abandoned the lucrative trade. Another, who had just commenced business, burnt over \$30. worth of playing cards.

RECENT DEATHS.

The sudden death of Archbishop Lynch in Toronto was a cause of great regret. Though a man of strong convictions, he was generally courteous to opponents. He was generous to a fault, and always kept himself poor. It is said that his possessions consisted of a gold watch and one suit of clothes, and he desired his successor in office to send £50 to his poor sister in Ireland.

The sad news has reached London that Bishop Parker and the Rev. Joseph Blackburn died on the 26th of March of sickness in the Unyoro country, to the south-east of the Albert Nyanza. Bishop Parker was the successor of the lamented Bishop Huntingdon who was cruelly murdered by command of the King of Uganda.

The Rev. John Hughes, Methodist minister, Ballybrittas, Portarlington, Ireland, died in the eighty-fifth year of his age and fifty-third of his ministry. He was an able preacher, a profound metaphysician, and an acute controversialist.

The Methodist New Connexion has lost a venerable minister in the death of the Rev. George Hallatt, who for fifty-seven years stood high in the ranks. His death took place at Stockport, in his seventy-eighth year.

Our own Church has been called to mourn the death of a probationer of great promise, Rev. W. T. Norman, who died at Greenwood in April. He was only a few days sick. The present writer knew him well when he was a Sunday-school scholar. His aged parents and family have the sympathy of those who knew him.

Book Notices.

The Ancient World and Christianity. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD HOLMDEN. 8vo, pp. xxxi-479. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.75.

With this book Dr. Pressensé worthily crowns the labours of a long and busy life, and completes the cycle of his studies of Christianity and its conquest of the world. His noble series of volumes on this great theme form a monument "more lasting than brass." Few men possess at once the rich and varied learning of Pressensé and his literary grace and skill. His style is like a herald's coat, with its rich embroidery of metaphor and simile. But the fabric is also closely wrought and strong. There is an inimitable French grace and elegance, but one feels all the time that he is walking on the solid ground of well-ascertained fact.

In the great progressive movements of the ages Pressensé recognizes the guiding providence of God. "The great organ of knowledge in the moral world," he says, "is conscience, of which the law of duty, inseparable from free will, is the fundamental axiom. Everywhere and always we have found the voice of conscience uplifted in support of the law of right. Everywhere we have found the soul of man soaring above the earth and aspiring after immortal life, crying out for a God greater than any local and national divinities." In the development of his august theme our author begins with the religions of the ancient East—Chaldeo-Assyria, Egypt and Phœnicia. Then he treats the religious development of the oriental Aryans, especially the religion of Zoroaster. Book third treats of the religions of India, of the Vedas and Buddha. Book four treats of Hellenic paganism, and of the development of the Greek conscience, as seen in its language, literature, art, worship, and

philosophy. The concluding book discusses the Greco-Roman paganism and its decline, the social and moral condition of the pagan world at the coming of Christ; the failure of false religions and false philosophy to appease the immortal hunger and thirst of the soul; the satiety and disgust of life amid excessive luxury; the hopelessness of a world weary with waiting for the Divine Healer of its woes. And this is his conclusion: "When we find that eighteen centuries ago, in the decadence of a world ready to perish, the unutterable groaning of creation was answered by a sovereign manifestation of holiness and love, which caused a new river of life to flow through the thirsty land, this great fact, attested by unquestionable documents, gives confirmation to our faith in Christ. And in this troubled evening of the nineteenth century, our only hope of an effective salvation for society lies in that great spiritual force which eighteen centuries ago put new life and vigour into a state of society as effete and troubled as that of to-day."

Philosophy and Religion: A Series of Addresses, Essays, and Sermons, designed to set forth Great Truths in Popular Form. By AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D.D. 8vo, pp. 632. New York: A. C. Armstrong, & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.50.

This book contains the best thoughts of a profound and original thinker, gleaned from the records of a long and studious life. Dr. Strong is the President and Professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary. He is thoroughly equipped for the discussion of the vast and varied themes treated in this volume. He possesses in addition a beauty of style, a vigour of thought, a clearness of insight into the topics on which he writes, that make his essays very interesting and attractive reading. The fact that

most of them were originally spoken addresses gives them a vivacity and directness that the written discourse often lacks. There is a sturdy independence about the book and its author that is very refreshing. "In this day," he says, "when scepticism is so rife, and when even Christian teachers so frequently pride themselves that they believe, not so much, but so little, it seems that nothing is more needed than an uncompromising assertion of faith in the existence of God, the world, the soul." The book takes its title from the first essay, but it is fairly descriptive of the whole work. Among the other topics discussed are: Science and Religion, Materialistic Scepticism, Modern Idealism, Scientific Theism, Christian Individualism, the New Theology, the Claims of the Christian Ministry, the Education for the Ministry, the Economics and Theology of Missions, Woman's Place and Work, Christianity and Political Economy, the Crusades, Danté and the Divine Comedy, Robert Browning, etc. The great range and variety of these subjects will be apparent. This is a book for preachers. They will derive from it both inspiration and instruction. The author as a leader in the Baptist denomination is frankly Baptist in all topics relating to denominational opinion. For the amount of matter contained the book is remarkably cheap.

Sacred History from the Creation to the Giving of the Law. By EDWARD P. HUMPHREY, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. xiv-540. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs, Price \$2.50.

In reviewing this book we cannot do better than quote from the preface the following statement of its purpose. One of the objects of this work, we are told, is to furnish a help to the understanding of those perplexing passages of the earliest Scriptures which furnish so much of the working capital of cavillers and unbelievers, and by which even candid and devout readers are so often disturbed, because, if seen

from the point of view of a narrow observation, they seem not only strange, but sometimes quite unintelligible. Yet if these very passages be viewed in their connection with the entire sweep of the sacred Scriptures, and in their vital relation to the unfolding principles and processes of the kingdom of God, that which seemed strange becomes appropriate, and the obscure is made clear in the light of the glory of the past, and the present, and the future comings of the Lord. Dr. Humphrey has admirably accomplished the august purpose which he set before himself. He was well equipped for the task which he undertook. He was a brilliant student at Andover when Dr. Moses Stuart was creating a new era in Biblical learning. For forty years he devoted his best energies to the study of the subject, on which he lectured for some years at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Danville, Kentucky. The author brings his vast and multifarious learning to bear upon those problems which are now engaging the acutest intellects of the world. He grapples with the gravest difficulties, and it will be safe to say that he touches nothing which he does not illumine. The book has the pathetic interest of a posthumous work, for although the M.S.S. received his latest revision, yet the author passed away last December before its publication.

A Review of Rev. F. W. Macdonald's Life of Wm. Morley Punshon, LL.D. By the REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D. Pp. 180. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

The preparation of this review has been to its genial author a labour of love. He has put his heart and soul into it. Dr. Punshon was to him as a father beloved, and he himself as his son in the gospel. He gives high praise to the literary and other qualities of the Macdonald and Reynar Life of Punshon, which will be forever one of the classics of Methodism. But he criticises some of the treatment of the illustrious subject of the biography, and assigns his reason therefor. He adds from his

own personal knowledge many interesting incidents. The tribute to the character and influence of Dr. Punshon by Senator Macdonald, and the tender and beautiful introduction to the work by Dr. Douglas, add greatly to the value of the book. This is in no sense a substitute for the larger biography, and is not so designed. The admirers of Dr. Punshon—and who that came within the range of his influence was not an admirer?—will want them both. This book has a steel portrait and eighteen engravings.

Christianity and Evolution: Modern Problems of the Faith. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: T. Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The question of evolution is one that cannot be ruled out of current discussions on theology. It is in the very forefront of the field. The twelve essays in this volume were contributed to that valuable minister's monthly, the *Homiletic Magazine*, by ten distinguished ministers, they all give a more or less modified acceptance to the general principles of evolution, or to use what seems to us the more happy phrase of Dr. Dallinger, "concurrent adaptation." The book is in the nature of an eirenikon, and while the several writers do not agree in all matters of detail, they do express the conviction that acceptance of the ascertained facts of evolution is not incompatible with a genuine intelligent Christian faith. The editors express the hope that the book may be found helpful to many whose spirits are shadowed by the scepticism of the age.

Current Discussions in Theology. By the PROFESSORS OF THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. Fifth series. Pp. 404. Price \$1.50. Published by the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

Four volumes in this series have been previously issued. The volume for 1888 is now published, and contains articles of unusual interest and

usefulness. This series has been welcomed with warm approval by all scholars as a real contribution to the religious thought of the day. The whole wide field here surveyed is treated under the heads of exegetical, historic, systematic, and practical theology. The present state of studies in these various departments is summarized by scholars of eminence, and the results of the recent discussions are given in a succinct, clear and forcible manner. For over-burdened pastors, who have not time nor opportunity to follow for themselves the movements in this vast field, this book is an invaluable help.

Sunny Fountains and Golden Sand: Pictures of Missionary Life in the Dark Continent. By ARTHUR BRIGG. London: T. Woolmer.

The author of this well-written volume was for twenty-five years a Wesleyan missionary in South Africa. He is therefore amply competent to describe the various phases of missionary life in that country—"all which he saw and part of which he was." There are few more inspiring records of Christian heroism than that of missionary effort in that land. In few mission fields have the triumphs of the Gospel been more marked. If such books could be sown broadcast, they would do much to bring about a great revival of missionary interest and enthusiasm. We heartily commend the book, especially for use in our Sunday-school libraries. It is well illustrated.

Minutes of the Fall Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1887. 8vo. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price, \$1.

This large and closely-printed book of 300 pages is a remarkable illustration of the growth of Methodism. Among the others here enumerated are the Arizona, Black Hills, Central China, Fochow, Japan, Korea, New Mexico, German, Swedish, Danish, and many other conferences; and this contains only about half the conferences.

George Millward Macdougall, the Pioneer, Patriot, and Missionary. By JOHN MACDOUGALL. Pp. 243. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

This is a life-story of a hero and a martyr. George Macdougall was one of the bravest and most devoted of men. We have seldom read a story of more thrilling and pathetic interest. The direct, simple, filial way in which the heroic son speaks of his heroic sire, adds greatly to the spell of the book. We know of few more touching incidents than that of the father and son, faint with recent illness, burying with their own hands their loved ones in isolation and loneliness, yet caring for and counselling the hundreds of fever-wasted Indians around them. The tragic scene of the brave missionary's death is unspeakably pathetic. Such brave men lay the foundations of empire and of a Christian civilization—their work is their noblest monument—being dead they yet speak. This book should be in every Methodist home and in every Methodist school.

A Trip to England. By GOLDWIN SMITH. Reprinted, by request, from *The Week*. Toronto: Blackett Robinson. Price 30 cents.

We were so charmed with these papers while reading them in *The Week*, that we sent to the office to procure the series unbroken. They have all the spell of the author's incomparable style. The learned professor sees not only the England of the living present, but the England of the dim and distant past, and the relations of the one to the other. Nowhere else that we know can be had such sympathetic sketches of cathedral and monastic life, of feudalism and its castles and manor houses, of the universities and public schools,

of country and urban life, as in this fasciculus of sixty pages.

Christopher, and Other Stories. By AMELIA E. BARR. Cloth, 352 pages. Price, \$1.25. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

Mrs. Barr's stories are so well known that a new one hardly needs a recommendation. She has become one of the foremost writers of the day. The present series consists of a number of short stories. They are all marked by striking dramatic ability and by deep religious purpose. The scenes are laid in Texas, Yorkshire, Scotland, the Black Country, and elsewhere, and the interest is wonderfully well sustained. The book is much above the average Sunday-school library.

The Baptism of Fire and Other Sermons. By the REV. J. E. WESLEY JOHNSTON. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

These sermons are of more than ordinary merit. To quote the words of the Rev. Hugh Johnston's beautiful introduction, "they are marked by deep thoughtfulness, literary freshness, polished beauty of diction, devout spiritual insight, and a precious aroma of Christian experience." Many will remember the spell of the preacher's eloquence as heard in this city, and will be glad to have these admirable sermons.

Presbyterian Year-Book for Canada and Newfoundland. Edited by the REV. G. SIMPSON. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson. Price 25c.

A very useful little book, with instructive Monographs by Dr. Burns, Dr. Cochrane, Dr. Patterson "Fidelis," and others. We wish we had a similar one for the Methodist Church.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.



MEETING OF CHARLES VIII. AND ANNE OF BRITTANY—AFTER DE NEUVILLE.